

## ODDITIES IN THE NEWS

### Brushed Off—

Birmingham, Ala.: A Negro approached George Watkins of Wood stock, Ala., on the street and brushed the dust off his suit. Watkins later discovered his wallet—containing \$45—missing.

### Looking Ahead—

Philadelphia, Pa.: Mrs. Edith Graff expressed anxiety over the unsteady pistol held against her by a trembling bandit in a drug-store holdup. "He's got a right to be nervous, lady," his confederate said. "He's getting married next week."

### Green Light—

Helena, Mont.: Charges against Royal Barney, accused of driving through a highway stop sign, were dismissed when he told the judge: "I can't read."

### Nuts To Soup—

Bristow, Okla.: The City Council of this Peanut Capital of the Southwest has ruled that all cafes must serve goobers as the first course of every meal.

### Census Notes—

Dover, N. J.: Census Taker Dale Gilmore urged police to get rid of a singing guitarist who followed him into homes playing and singing.

Neosho, Mo.: A doctor grabbed Census Taker John L. Oliver at the door of the Roy Weeklin home and made him assist in the birth of Weeklin's son.

Louisville, Ky.: A woman phoned the census supervisor to admit she had lied in giving her age as 43. "It's 45. I've been taking off a couple of years for so long that I was beginning to believe it."

### Life With Father—

Macon, Ga.: "I left something in my car," a breathless man exclaimed as he rushed into a storage garage from a nearby hotel. His 6-year old daughter was found asleep on the back seat.

### Under Canvas—

Camden, N. J.: Mrs. Helen M. Anderson was granted a divorce after testifying her husband, William, forced her to sleep in a puppet in the yard.

### Chicken Coup—

New York, N. Y.: His meat cleaver out of reach Morris Kalow, sky, butcher, flocked a holdup by swinging a half-plucked chicken to the jaw of the gunman and then roosting on him until police arrived.

### Union Suit—

French Lick, Ind.: The clothing manufacturers' convention decided that the well-dressed plumber next fall should wear a two-toned sports ensemble of gaily colored flannel shirt and pin-striped, pleated slacks.

### Whole Hog—

Kansas City: Somebody phoned the power and light company that an auto had broken off a standard at Sixth and Bank streets. When repairmen arrived the standard was gone. Witnesses said the motorist loaded the pole, valued at \$75 and a transformer, valued at \$5 into his car and drove off with them.

### Thinner—

New York: The American woman has grown from three to five pounds thinner in the past decade, according to statistics released by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Tabulation of average weights in 1922-23, compared to those for 1932-34, indicate a decline for every height and age group.

### Unlucky—

Pueblo, Col.: Enthusiastic over his "good luck" of finding a four leaf clover, Clarence Stavast, 12, started to run across the street to tell his mother. Clarence was knocked down by an automobile. Physicians expressed fear today that his skull was fractured.

### Our Capital—

Sacramento: Proposals to move the State Capitol to Monterey apparently have made an impression outside the State, if not in California. Governor Guilford Olson today received a letter from Dr. A. Herbert Marshall of Charleston, Mo., who announced himself as a candidate for the presidency of the United States. It was addressed "Governor of California, Monterey California." Postal clerks spotted the error, however, and routed the letter direct to Sacramento.

# Township Register

NILES, WASHINGTON TWP., ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIF.

FIFTY-TWO YEARS OLD

NILES, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1940

NUMBER 17

## NEW PUBLISHER COMING TO TAKE OVER THE REGISTER

WALTER WAYNFLETE, OF REDWOOD CITY PURCHASES PROPERTY AND WILL TAKE OVER NEXT WEEK

F. E. Rogers, who has been at the helm of The Good Shippe "Register" since last October announces the sale of the business to Walter Waynflete, experienced California newspaperman, effective next Monday.

Other business interests situated in the eastern part of the state require Editor Rogers' attention.

Waynflete worked from 1923 to 1929 on newspapers in California, Nevada, Utah, Montana and Hawaii. In 1929 he ran The Truckee Republican under lease for a year; going to the San Joaquin Valley in 1930, where he owned and edited The Cutler-Orosi Courier, in northern Tulare County, until its sale last December.

He has wintered with Mrs. Waynflete and their nine months' daughter in Redwood City, whence Waynflete has conducted a vigorous examination of Central California newspapers with an eye to his new location.

Niles and Washington Township look just fine, and here the new owner and his family will soon reside, when Mr. and Mrs. Rogers vacate their home, the Stm Anderson house on G street.

Printer-Operator Gilbert Wright has signed on for the cruise with the new editor, and fair sailing is in sight.

The new owner earnestly desires to move the plant and equipment as soon as possible to any centrally located building in Niles, any partially modern building with concrete floor, which Waynflete will lease or buy. He begs any public-spirited citizen or citizens to come forward with their offers!

The plant and equipment of The Township Register are to be modernized and systematized as rapidly as time and resources permit, Waynflete says.

The plant and business he sold in the San Joaquin Valley a few months ago, was a paragon of order and convenience, and produced much important work in commercial printing for packing houses, wineries, schools, lodges, banks, county departments, and individuals.

It is the objective of the new owner to take care of ALL printing of Washington Township firms and institutions. As rapidly as business increases warrant, new equipment will be added and new employees hired, to the end of creating and maintaining an important advertising medium and printing institution in Niles at the heart of Washington Township.

## NEWARK GIRL ANNOUNCES ENGAGEMENT THURSDAY EVE

The engagement of Miss Betty Jane Steinhoff, to Carl Sheedy both of Newark, was announced at the meeting of the Centerville Assembly of Rainbow Girls, Thursday evening. She is the daughter of Mrs. Eve Steinhoff of Newark. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robin C. Sheedy, former residents of Newark, now of Portland, Oregon. Miss Steinhoff is a graduate of the Newark grammar school, and at present is completing her junior year at the Washington Union high school, where she is an active member of several organizations, assistant editor of the school paper "The Hatchet", and Secretary-Treasurer of the Centerville chapter of the California Scholarship Federation. Miss Steinhoff also holds the office of Faith in the Centerville Assembly of Rainbow Girls, and is an active member of the Toyon Berries chapter of the Childrens Hospital of Oakland. Carl Sheedy is a graduate of the Portland high school, Portland, Oregon. As yet no definite date has been set for the wedding.

## RAINBOW GIRL DEGREE CONFERRED ON MEMBER

Miss Joan Boyd of Newark received her Majority Degree of the Centerville Assembly of Rainbow Girls at a meeting Thursday evening at the Centerville Masonic Temple, its a degree given to members when they have reached the age of twenty and can no longer be active members. It was given to her by Miss Betty Jane Steinhoff of Newark, who holds the office of Faith under the supervision of Miss Karen Gronley of Centerville, Worthy Adviser.

## CENTERVILLE P.-T. A. HAS INTERESTING MEETING

The Centerville grammar school Parent-Teachers' Association met on Tuesday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, in the school library.

There was a short business meeting; and at 3 o'clock the members adjourned to the assembly hall where a program was presented by the students of the school, under the direction of Mrs. Inez Silva, vocal music instructor, and Mrs. Cecile Mailho Whitaker, director of instrumental music.

Light refreshments were served following the program by upper grade girls under the supervision of Miss Josephine Herbert.

## KRAFTILE CREDIT UNION WILL BE HOST TO CROWD

MORE THAN 200 EXPECTED TO STOP HERE ON WAY TO OUTING OF CREDIT UNION LEAGUE

On May 18th the Kraftile Employees Credit Union will be host to the members of the East Bay Chapter of the California Credit Union League enroute to the annual badminton put on by the Cresta Blanca Credit Union of the Veterans Administration Facility at Livermore. A trip through the Kraftile plant has been arranged for the afternoon, following which pottery gifts will be presented to the ladies, and refreshments will be served. The party will then move on to Livermore for the barbecue and program that evening.

An attendance of 200 is expected, most of whom will be visitors in Niles that afternoon.

Kraftile boasts the biggest little Credit Union in the world, making up for its small size by its activity. In addition it has helped in the organization of Credit Unions elsewhere at such large industrial as Owens-Illinois Glass company. A Credit Union is a cooperative saving and lending institution organized for the mutual benefit of its members. The Kraftile organization has regularly paid a 4 per cent dividend since the first year of its operation in 1936 when a 3 per cent dividend was paid.

## LONG TIME RESIDENT OF NILES SUCUMB

MRS. AMEILA LEWIS PASSED AWAY AT SAN JOSE HOSPITAL FOLLOWING LONG ILLNESS

Mrs. Ameila D. Lewis, a resident of Niles for close to 60 years, passed away at a San Jose hospital Saturday morning following an extended illness. Funeral services were conducted from the Berge mortuary in Irvington Monday, with mass at St. Joseph's church in Mission San Jose, Interment was made at the Holy Ghost cemetery at Centerville.

Mrs. Lewis was past 74 years of age at the time of her death. She is survived by L. L. Lewis, of Niles, past president of the Niles Junior Chamber of Commerce; and John P. Lewis of Benicia; J. E. Lewis, of Alvarado; Mrs. A. G. Silva and Mrs. Frank Duarte, of Niles; Mrs. Frank George of Concord, as well as 11 grand children and six great grand children. She was preceded to the grave by the husband, and two sons, Frank and Antone. A sister, Mrs. M. A. Garcis of Mission San Jose, and numerous other relatives, also survive her.

Because of her long residence in Niles, she had a wide acquaintance, and among them she numbered her friends, who join with the relatives in mourning her passing.

## NEW WOMEN'S CLUB TO HOLD INSTALLATION MONDAY

The recently organized Business and Professional Women's club of Washington township will enjoy a dinner at the Veterans' Memorial building, Niles, Monday evening, when members will gather for the installation ceremonies of the officers of the organization. The work of organizing the club, receiving the charter and election of officers was completed at a meeting several weeks ago.

Florence Stahl, state vice president of the organization, will come from San Jose to have charge of the installation. Members are expected to be here from several clubs of the surrounding territory.

## PRESIDENT BUYS TREES FROM THE NILES NURSERY

10 45-FOOT CALIFORNIA BIG TREES GOES TO CHIEF'S HYDE PARK ESTATE IN NEW YORK

Ten 45-foot California Big Trees were shipped from the California Nursery Company at Niles this week enroute to President Roosevelt's Hyde Park estate in New York. Also included were two dozen potted Sequoia Gigantea similar to those used as souvenirs from the Old Adobe on Treasure Island last year.

The grove to be planted at Hyde Park is the gift of Clyde L. Seavey with the Federal Power Commission at Washington, D. C. who contacted the California Nursery through the state forester, M. B. Pratt. Seavey's original intention had been to plant the California trees at the White House but previous attempts to grow the species in Washington had proved unsuccessful. The Sequoias, however are being grown successfully in Pennsylvania and according to George C. Roeding, jr., of the California Nursery, they should thrive at Hyde Park if given reasonable protection for their first few winters.

The shipment is going via express and will be delivered to Hyde Park on Saturday of this week.

## HUGE SUM GOES TO UN- EMPLOYED IN SOUTHERN ALAMEDA CO. IN MARCH

Unemployment insurance checks amounting to \$66,497 went to eligible unemployed workers in the Southern Alameda County area during March, 1940, according to announcement made today by Walter Gamman, manager of the Hayward office of the State Department of Employment.

Gamman stated that 4,760 checks were written for this area representing one percent of the state total.

March payments increased \$19,805.40 over February 1940 and exceeded the March total last year by \$144 manager Gamman declared.

Benefit payments throughout the state have increased steadily, said manager Gamman, because of liberalized provisions of the Unemployment Insurance Act. Even with this increase, private employment accomplished definite gains as shown by placement figures of the Hayward office.

March placements were 63 as compared with the 49 persons placed in private industry during February.

## DRIVER OF DEATH CAR HELD ON SERIOUS CHARGE

YOSHIO KAKIMOTO, INVOLVED IN NEWARK CAR ACCIDENT OUT ON BONDS UNTIL HEARING MONDAY

Yoshio Kakimoto, who was driving one of the cars involved in the accident at Newark Saturday night, in which Lillian Enos was killed, has been charged with negligent homicide. He is free on \$1,000 bond, and will appear this (Friday) afternoon before Judge Silva in justice court in Niles. The charges were made by Mrs. Mary Enos, mother of the dead child.

## PRESBY. LADIES GROUP INSTALLS NEW OFFICERS

The Losetra group of the Newark Presbyterian church met at the church on Wednesday with president, Mrs. Fern Overacker, presiding. The special speaker for the day was Miss Mary Shea, vice-principal of the Newark grammar school. Installation of officers were also held with the following being installed: Mrs. Harlan Johnson, president; Mrs. Ralph Logan, vice president; Mrs. Thor Nordvik, secretary-treasurer; Committee chairman: Sunshine Sisters, Thelma Ewer; Service, Mrs. James Elsea; Cradle Roll, Mrs. John Smyrl; Music, Mrs. Jack MacGregor Hos. pitality, Mrs. Edward Biemiller and Shower, Mrs. William Beck. Officers were installed for the floral installation worked out by the committee consisting of Mrs. Jack MacGregor, Mrs. Vernon Cuneo, and Mrs. Vernon Brown. Hostesses of the day were: Mrs. William Beck, Mrs. Eugene Boyce, and Mrs. Weston Webb. Special music was also provided.

## MISSION SAN JOSE GIRL HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

A birthday party was given for Jean Marie Telles on her ninth birthday at the home of Mrs. Antone Pereira, at Mission San Jose April 17, at 3:30 p.m.

Those present were: Elaine Borge, Mary Edith Santos, Jerry Fernandes, Marie Edna Silva, Rosie Santos, Lorraine Santos, Betty De Brito, Jean Marie Telles, Adeline Pereira, Adeline Telles, Mrs. Antone Pereira, Arthur Santos, John Pat Recend, Lawrence Fernandes, Clarence Fernandes, Lester Semas, William Pereira, Jackie Borge. Many gifts were received.

## VISITOR TELLS OF DANGER OF BULB CROP IN HOLLAND

MAN WHO ESTABLISHED BULB SHOW AT NURSERY VISITS HERE FROM THE NETHERLANDS

W. H. deGraaf of Noordwijk, Holland, who was instrumental in establishing the Outdoor Bulb Show at the California Nursery Company at Niles 10 years ago, was here this week on his annual visit to this country. He will attend the Oakland flower show which opens at the auditorium next Wednesday.

Grave fears for the fate of the bulb business in Holland and adverse results to dealers in this country were voiced by the visitor who was accompanied by his son, Jan de Graaff, and his grandson, Sandy, of Oregon. If Germany occupies Holland, according to de Graaff, it will mean the virtual abolition of the bulb business there and American buyers of tulips and hyacinths will be hard hit. A sufficient supply of American-grown daffodils will be available he thinks.

De Graaff's family established one of the world's largest bulb concerns in Holland more than 200 years ago. When De Graaff left Holland in March, the situation was unaffected by the European war, he said. Ordinarily he would return in June but "things may happen," he remarked. His son and family and his wife are in this country and he has a daughter on this side of the Atlantic but another daughter and four grandchildren remain in Holland.

## TOYON BRANCH PLANNING MANY COMING ACTIVITIES

RUMMAGE SALE THIS WEEK, GARDEN PARTY AND OTHER THINGS ON CLUB'S SLATE

A busy bunch of women have been at work this week, gathering clothing and other articles for the rummage sale the Toyon Branch of the Childrens Hospital. The sale is to be held at the old Peterson plumbing shop building on Main street in Niles, and at this time the ladies are getting the stocks arranged for the sale. They invite all citizens who have cast off clothing and other items suitable for such a sale to bring them in.

A garden party will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Shinn. The tentative date of May 26 was chosen, definite announcement to be made later.

Reports of the recent sandwich sale at the California Nursery bulb show indicated a net profit of more than \$100 according to Mrs. Julia Shinn, chairman. Half this amount will go to the junior branch, the Toyon Berries. At this week's meeting Mrs. Anna Sladek was assistant hostess. Mrs. William H. Ford, vice-president, presided in the absence of the chairman, Mrs. James R. Whipple. Next month's meeting will be held on May 6 at the home of Mrs. Lawrence Bunting.

## NOTICE

I have disposed of The Township Register, and as I am anxious to clean up my business in the township, I ask that all those owing The Register for printing and advertising, make payment as soon as possible. All bills that I might owe, I ask for a statement at once so that I may settle them. All subscription charges after Saturday, April 27, are payable to Walter Waynflete, the new owner of The Register.

F. E. Rogers

## DESIGNERS MAKES SKETCHES FOR NEW PLOT HERE

SUGGEST DESIGNS FOR HOMES FOR NEW NURSERY SUB-DIVISION NEAR NILES

An architect's pencil that has designed literally thousands of buildings in the last half century is finding new inspiration at Niles new residential subdivision, The Old Adobe Acres.

"Just for fun," Oscar Haupt of the Masonic Home at Decoto is busy these days sketching houses appropriate to the setting of the new tract. "The Niles hills and the surrounding orchards call for a special type of architecture," says this building veteran who claims that inspiration rather than mechanics guides the designer's rule and pencil.

Haupt was born in Saxony, Germany. He lost his father, a book publisher, his mother and a brother and a sister before he came to America at the age of 12 years. His uncle, a teacher at Des Moines, Iowa, sent for the boy who was sent to a technical school in Louisville, Kentucky. Before he was 20, he was designing houses and had become a member of the architectural staff of the Louisville and Nashville Railway Company. Suffering from malaria, he was ordered West and came to California where in 1890 he had charge of the building of the Carlton Opera House in San Diego. He also designed the Coronada Hotel in that city.

Later he won a prize contest in which 30 architects from Oakland and San Francisco competed for the design of the Altheim Home in Oakland. In 1904, he drew the first sketch for the Mission viaduct built in San Francisco just after the fire in 1906. For 10 years he was architect in the chief engineer's office of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company at San Francisco, from which position he retired when he became a resident of the Masonic Home.

For 14 years he was employed by the U. S. Navy and designed numerous shops and buildings at Mare Island at Vallejo. Three times he was sent to Washington, D. C., where he designed officers' quarters for the Navy Hospital. He also drew plans for numerous tracts and stations for the Ocean Shore Railway Company of San Francisco.

For 40 years he has been a member of the Naval Lodge of Masons at Vallejo. He is a member of the Almas Temple of the Shrine in Washington and the Golden Gate Commandery of Knights Templar in San Francisco and the Southern Alameda County Shrine Club.

He is also a certified member of the California State Architect's Association and has been a student at the California School of Fine Arts. During recent years he has become a student of philosophy in connection with the Rosicrucian Temple at San Jose.

"I am just beginning to acquire knowledge," remarked this almost octogenarian. "It takes a lot of living and a lot of experience to learn."

## ROTARIANS HAVE FINE TIME AT DISTRICT MEET

Ed Enos, T. C. Wilson, Jack Vieux and George Smith, representing the Niles Rotary club at the district meeting at Marysville over the week end, all report a fine meeting with interesting and entertaining sessions. Some of the entertainment features included a program of boat races, and concerts by the Sacramento Shrine band and the temple's cantors, a group of 30 male voices. On Monday there were several business sessions, and an excellent vaudeville show, by professional entertainers, among them Maxine Turner, of San Leandro, known to many Niles people. A banquet closed the session, with District President Gus Pardee, of Susanville, as principal speaker. The Niles club was represented in a district golf tournament by a team composed of Wilson, Vieux and Smith, and they won second place in this event.

## NILES JUNIOR CHAMBER SPONSORING WHIST PARTY

The Niles Junior Chamber of Commerce is arranging for a "Ham Whist" party for Friday night, May 24, which will be given as a benefit for the Niles Boy Scout troop. A fine ham will be given away as a door prize, and there will be a ham for winners at every three tables.

## H. S. STUDENTS ATTEND JUNIOR PROM AT PLEAS.

The Washington high school students who attended the Junior Prom at the Amador Valley Joint Union high school in Pleasanton on Friday evening were: Shirley Bertolotti, Darlene Bolyard, Jean Rogers, Marjorie and Robert Hunt, of Newark; Richard Mariott, Roy Matheisen, of Centerville; Barbara and Eugene Williams of Irvington; Roland Bendel and John Williamson of Niles and George Smith of Decoto.

## CAR ACCIDENT FATAL TO NEWARK GIRL OF THIRTEEN

LILLIAN ENOS, OF NEWARK KILLED INSTANTLY AND OTHERS WERE INJURED IN COLLISION SATURDAY EVE

Lillian, 13 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Enos, of Newark, met instant death and several other young people were injured in an automobile accident at the intersection of Cherry road and Central avenue, Newark, Saturday evening. Traffic officers were on the scene in a short time, to check up on the cause of the accident. The car in which the injured were riding, driven by Edward Cabral, of Milpitas, collided with one driven by Yoshio Kakimoto, an employee of a Newark salt company. The latter is being held by authorities, until blame for the accident can be placed.

In the car with Cabral were June, 14, and Leana Mae Miller, 10 of Newark; Lillian Enos, the dead girl, and her sister, Genevieve, 15, who was not seriously injured.

Funeral services were held at the Chapel of the Palms, in Centerville Wednesday forenoon, followed by mass at St. Edward's Catholic church, Newark. Interment was made at Holy Ghost cemetery, Centerville. Classmates of the brother, Edward, acted as pallbearers, who were Calvin Oliveira, Anthony Lemos, Manuel Santos, Frank Silva, Edward Nunes and Frank Lewas.

The unfortunate little girl has made her home with her parents in Newark since birth. She was in the seventh grade of the Newark grammar school, and was popular with other students of the school. Relatives have the profound sympathy of all in their great bereavement.

## ALVARADO HOLY GHOST FESTIVAL DREW BIG CROWD

PARADES, FIREWORKS AND MANY OTHER ATTRACTIONS ENTERTAINS CROWD AT FIRST FIESTA OF THE YEAR

Alvarado opened the series of fiestas with the Holy Ghost celebration in that town over the week end, when crowds were in attendance from all parts of this section. The people began gathering early Saturday afternoon, to witness the many attractions.

The program opened with fine display of fireworks Saturday evening, followed by the dance. Pretty Miss Posaline Deviner, was selected as queen of the fiesta and presided over court. Her attendants were Bernadette Martin and Edith Perry. Little Mary Ann Silva, 7 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Silva was selected as second queen and was presented in court.

Sunday the parade was a feature, in which several bands, drill teams, drum corps and marching units took part. Queens of the several other coming Holy Ghost fiestas were presented and took part in the parade. Units of the I. D. E. S. lodge were among the marchers.

Services at the church were attended by visitors.

A carnival company with many rides and attractions entertained the crowd during the time the celebration was in progress.

Frank Goularte acted as president and had charge of the presentation of the program, being assisted by Manuel Martin, Jr., A. A. Lee, Joe E. Lewis, M. S. Cardoza, Martin Phillips and Joe Lezard.

Among the girls from Centerville attending the Girl's Play Day in Hayward on Saturday, were: Shirley Gaunt, Gloria Furtado, Maxine Mau, Beverly Adams, Yukiko Nakamura, Marjorie Jason Jean Wauhab, Atsuko Tate, Bernice Rost, Bernadette Mattos.



## Bruckart's Washington Digest

## Keeping Out of Europe's War Is Order of Business for U. S.

Conflict's Spread to Norway and Denmark Brings Problem of Neutrality to Attention of Nation's Statesmen.

By WILLIAM BRUCKART  
WNU Service, National Press Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON.—More and more people seem to be expressing doubt that the United States can stay out of the new world war. One hears the talk in many quarters, official and unofficial. It frightens me. It is disturbing because so many seem to feel that the war is growing closer to us and they are, therefore, taking the view that we cannot stay out of it.



William Bruckart

To all of those who are saying that it appears we are doomed to get into the war which remains, as before, simply Europe's war, and to every one else I want to present this question:

Why is it necessary for us to get into it?

That is the question. It is not how can we stay out, but why should we get into it.

There is no doubt, of course, that extension of the war, spread of the flames to Norway and Denmark touches more American hearts. It is sad, indeed. But it would sadden many more hearts in these United States if we get mixed up in the conflagration. Moreover, no one has presented so far as I know any reason why the United States or any of its people or any of its interests should be involved in a war that represents fundamentally nothing more than the thirst for power of a very few men in all of the people. Again, it is sad, but it is not a quarrel of our making and I fail to see any reason why or how the United States should shoulder any responsibility.

The American government is taking precautions. Some of them seem to be rather silly, rather an excitable reaction. For instance, Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, and Representative Vinson, of Georgia, chairmen of the senate and house naval committees, respectively, held a long conference with President Roosevelt the other day at which they discussed the proposition of an expanded navy.

#### President Has Extended Foreign Combat Zones

The President has extended the "combat zones" which no American ships or citizens may enter, legally. Very wisely, I believed, he did not delay in issuing a proclamation that the war zones of Europe included the waters of Norway, Sweden, and similar areas. That will go far towards preventing greedy, daring and chance-taking individuals from getting their ships shot to pieces. Some of them would take that chance, you know, because the profits are large. But always the rest of us must think of what our government is forced to do when citizens of the United States, on legal business, are slaughtered by a foreign navy or army. We have only to look back to 1915 and 1916 to see how such killings, step by step, took us into World War No. 1.

There is considerable doubt, however, about the wisdom shown by the President in sending Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles on that European junket. Mr. Welles has been home a month now. Some of the results can be appraised properly. The answer is that insofar as tangible results are concerned, the trip was a flop of the first water. That is, unless the trip may have aroused suspicions of our motives, it was a flop. If the suspicions were aroused—suspicions that America was planning on future entry—then, of course, the trip was a most dangerous thing.

#### European Rulers Might Misjudge Welles' Mission

Private expressions from some diplomats here have caused me to believe there is some suspicion about us in Europe now. It is natural, I suppose, that the dictators and even the French and the British would be looking for hidden reasons for such a mission as Mr. Welles executed. They are always double dealing themselves, so we can suppose that they look for similar traits among Americans. In any event, nothing of consequence came out of that tour of the European capitals, not even political prestige for the President.

Which reminds me that when Mr.

Welles' appointment was announced, there was a good deal of undercurrent gossip in Washington that the whole plan was conceived and engineered by a little group of New Dealers. They thought the mission might lead to peace negotiations and Mr. Roosevelt would become a sureshot for a third term in the White House. As usual, the so-called "inner circle" had no knowledge of what the real fight was about overseas.

As against the things that might cause trouble and thereby endanger our neutrality—and more about our neutrality below—it surely is a commendable thing that the members of congress are keeping their tongues still for once in their collective lifetime. I do not mean that senators and representatives are quiet. I do not mean that the halls of the house and the senate are not ringing with the usual amount of demagoguery. Far from it. What I mean and what I am commending is that congress as a whole has exercised the finest caution in talking about the war. Whether they realize it or not, the members of the house and senate, by maintaining silence on the subject of the war, are inducing millions of other people to quit talking about the war.

#### Attitude in United States Is Not Really Neutral

About our neutrality: That is not a proper description of the position of the United States. We are not neutral. We are, as a nation, certainly favoring the cause of the British and the French. I am that



SUMNER WELLES AND WIFE  
... His mission misjudged?

way, myself. I really do not care who blows Hitler and all of his gang sky-high. Officially, however, the United States is still friendly with Germany and Russia. It is so ridiculous that one has to laugh.

Evidence of how our siding in with the allies obtains even in governmental affairs was given just the other day when the President proclaimed the new combat zones around Norway and Sweden. It was a proclamation that avoided saying the countries of Sweden, Norway and Denmark were "at war."

Why? Well, if the United States government, acting through the President, had said those nations were at war, another law would have become operative and Mr. Roosevelt did not want that law to be operative. If those nations had been declared formally "at war," another law would have prevented any money being loaned to them. Mr. Roosevelt wanted to keep the door open so that help can be extended if it becomes necessary.

There, again, you can see the possibilities of danger. Also, the definite evidence of the American desire to help Germany's enemies is plain to see. If we think, however, that the lending of money to a foreign nation that is engaged in war does not lead to additional steps and additional dangers, then we have become an ostrich and are trying to hide our head in the sand.

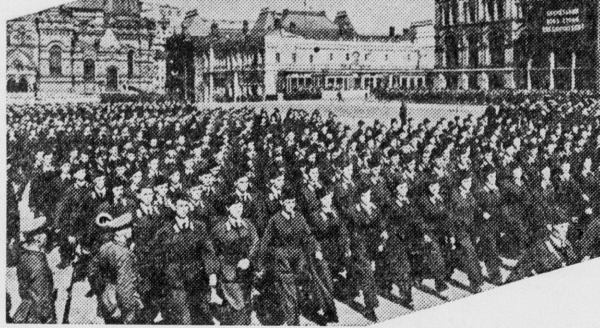
The dangers of these various acts are apparent, it seems to me. I make no charge that Mr. Roosevelt is trying to lead us into war. I believe quite the contrary. But with conditions as they are—with a dozen nations with their backs to the wall—every move made here requires the greatest of care and the greatest of understanding before it is made. The examination, as I insisted at the beginning of this discussion, should be made from the standpoint: Why is it necessary to stick out our necks? We can find no valid reason to get into the war.

The whole Western hemisphere has nothing to gain and everything to lose by participating. I entertain the hope that staying out of the war will become a major issue in the forthcoming political campaigns. In that way, the importance of everything done in Washington, with relation to foreign affairs, will be driven home by competent speakers. And any candidate who wiggles or squirms on the question of why should we get into war ought to be snowed under so deep that he would never be heard from again.

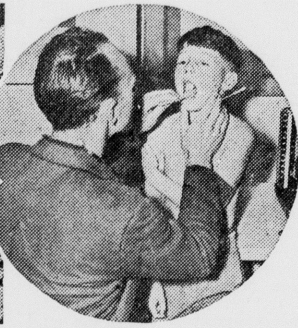
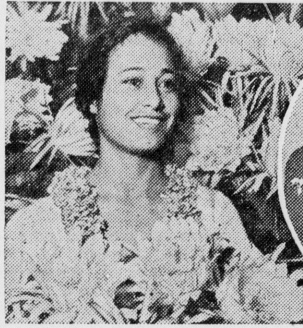
## Nature, History and Custom Add to May Day's Importance

Throughout medieval and modern history May Day—May 1—has been increasingly important as a day of festival and fun, a day which marks the beginning of a new year. Here are some of its important events:

### Picture Parade



May Day throughout much of the world is observed by workmen, but nowhere so much as in Soviet Russia. Above: Students march in the annual May Day parade, in which more than half a million persons participated.



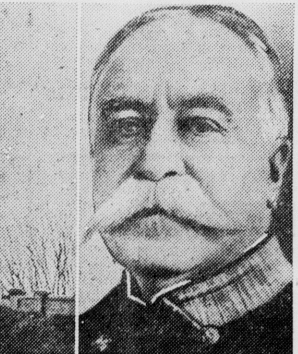
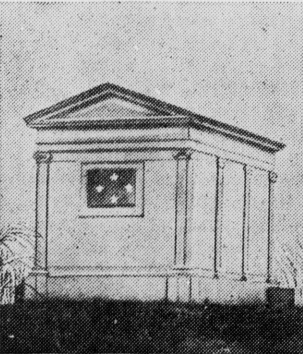
In Hawaii, May Day is also "Lei Day," the annual flower festival marking the peak of the season. Traditionally, all classes of people wear leis.

Each May 1 the President declares Child Health day. Federal, state and local health officials plan community projects and physical examinations.



Beginning May 1 is the peak 30 days for tornado frequency. Also this month the hurricane season starts, endangering Gulf and Atlantic coasts.

California's trout season opens May 1, which is called "rainbow day," at Bishop, Cal. Above: Two Hollywood starlets start out for their first day's fishing.



On May 1 many veterans' groups observe the anniversary of Admiral Dewey's battle of Manila bay, which took place in 1898. Above: Admiral Dewey and the tomb where he is buried, a shrine visited each year on Dewey day.



May 1 is moving day in big cities. In New York alone an estimated 240,000 persons move bag and baggage to new homes, leased for not less than six months.

It's the biggest day in the year for "queens." One of this year's is pretty Suzanne Sommers, who presides at the May festival of Duke university, Durham, N. C.



MAYPOLE—Most familiar emblem of May day in the schools.



## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON  
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—One bright, sunny day in July, 1920, King Christian X of Denmark, mounted on a beautiful white horse, led his troops across a boundary line to reclaim the northern part of Schleswig, lost to the Germans in 1864. Denmark had been crippled in the World war, suffering much more than Norway and Sweden, but somehow she had managed to save her little kingdom. The king, addressing a cheering throng, hailed the organization of international law and order, under which small nations could live in peace.

The king, who is six feet, six inches tall, the tallest man in his kingdom, recruited a guard of the tallest and handsomest young men he could find, but none so tall as he. They were gorgeously uniformed and the ceremony of the changing of the guard might have been readied by Franz Lehar. But many times, the king reminded his people that all this was merely appropriate ceremonial, and that Denmark's safety lay in keeping in the vanguard of civilization, and not in armed forces.

Last summer, under great nervous tension, he seemed to feel that the powers of darkness were closing in, and suffered a serious illness. Today, with the fate of Denmark resolved in far-ranging and desperate issues, the old king, nearing 70, yields to the inevitable. The New world structure of law and order has fallen and Denmark is one of many casualties.

At the age of 28, Christian married Alexandrine, princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. When he was crowned in May, 1912, the Danish populace was prepared to dislike him, descendant of an alien dynasty as he was, and there were some overt demonstrations against him. But he won his people with his furtherance of a liberal, constitutional government. Although he was trained as an army officer, and had a liking for military pomp, he frequently denounced militarism and opposed efforts to get his tiny country goose-stepping and arming. While he was proud of having the tallest and most resplendent guard in Europe, he slipped away from his bodyguards at every opportunity and enjoyed tremendously bicycling around Copenhagen, unattended. Into the ruck with Denmark's gains of two decades goes what probably has been the world's most successful state-sponsored industrial and agricultural co-operation.

EMIL HURJA, big, Babe Ruthian political statistician and precisionist, who greatly aided the early New Deal by charting the public drift, is now an ally of the Garner forces. Familiarity with assaying in the gold fields inspired his system of getting the mill-run of public sentiment. He once told this reporter about his interesting career. Taking a start from the wilds of the Michigan peninsula, when he was 18, notes from his diary might be something like this:

Rode the rods on the way to Seattle. Found more comfort in the cattle car. Landed in Yakima, did this and that, and finally got to Seattle. Since I had learned to set type at the age of nine, I convinced the Post-Intelligencer I was a newspaper man.

Managed to get by, but realized an education might help, so started grabbing one off the side at the University of Washington. Found Dr. Henry Suzallo, the president, was the greatest man I ever met.

Dr. Suzallo said Henry Ford wanted him to send somebody on his peace ship and it might as well be me. Went on the peace ship; came home and rammed around the Texas oil fields and then got to Alaska. Fell in with Ben Smith, who had a real gold mine. Came back home and got into Wall Street and politics.

Began assaying political mother lodes; got so I could tell whether I would get a string of color, and found I was assistant to Mr. James Farley, chairman of the national Democratic committee. Like Mr. Garner.

EIGHTEEN years ago, Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippine commonwealth, said to a group of American business men, "I would rather live under a government run like hell by Filipinos than under a government run like heaven by Americans." Now, with the shadow of Nippon reaching out into the Pacific, he isn't so sure. Word from Washington is that while he still thinks 1946 may be all right for casting off, but he is dickering for a re-examination of the Philippine problem.

## Washable Fabrics Attain New Place in Style Significance

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE high style significance achieved by wash fabrics during the last several years is nothing less than epoch making. Inspired by the amazing cottons and linens and spun rayons and kindred weaves at their command, designers are turning out wash apparel that is writing a thrilling chapter in fashion history.

Now that we have come to recognize the adaptability of modern washables to every phase of all-purpose wear, ranging from the most casual, utilitarian and informal to formal occasion, women who understand the art of dress are feeling the urge to plan their wardrobe entirely from play and workday clothes to formal dinner gowns and party frocks in terms of smart wash materials.

To tell of the multitudinous wash fabrics producers are turning out this season would be a task in vain. However, there are highspots that deserve mention. There are the cotton gabardines in delectable pastels that tailor beautifully for slacks suits and sports frocks. Crinkled seersuckers have taken a new lease on life. You can get them in sturdy weave or so exquisitely sheer they will prove a delight for summer wear. As to the new piques so highly important this season, you won't be able to resist the eyelet embroidered versions. The printed piques, too, are lovely.

As to the fascinating chambrays now so modish (be sure to make a note of chambray for it is tremendously important) the newer types have been refined to a degree of nicety in touch, texture and lovely coloring that makes them not to be resisted. The same may be said of dimities (in demand for both formal and informal), there is a crispness about modern types that adds sprightliness to the mode. When you see the dainty afternoon and party frocks fashioned of sweetly feminine Jennie Lind muslins

that strew wee flowerets in a pretty confusion of colors over a sheer background, it's a safe guess you will be indulging in more than one of these gay little flatterers. We must not forget to call attention to the stunning huge plaids of sheer texture. These are designs to go anywhere and everywhere this summer.

When you start out in quest of washable cotton or spun rayon prints keep in mind that the smartest this season are in gray and white, especially the new polka dots which are all the rage this season. Yellow and gray prints are also in high fashion.

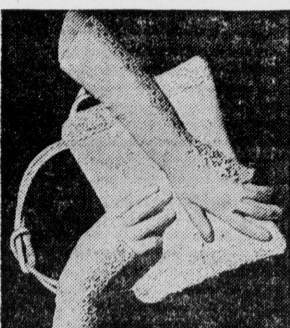
Another interesting feature brought out at the wash apparel show held in Chicago this spring was the importance of stripes. Stripes of every conceivable interpretation from high-colored gypsy and candy stripes to fetching stripes in pastels, also floral stripes and other novelty stripes were stressed throughout the entire program of voguish washables.

The working of stripes in clever design has become a fascinating pastime with designers. Note how artfully stripes have been juggled for the dress pictured to the left in the illustration. This attractive model is fashioned of a woven spun rayon in pencil stripes. The pockets and front panel reveal a diagonal working of stripes.

To the right in the group, candy stripes of rough weave turf cloth in striking colors are manipulated to advantage with the result of achieving a most pleasing back view as well as being attractively styled throughout.

The girl seated in the foreground has on a frock that boasts a circular skirt and the new corselet treatment at the waistline. The material for this dress is a spun rayon sport print that subscribes very effectively to the vogue for novelty stripes. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

### Lace-Panel Gloves



Gloves this season are in a highly decorative mood. Even the simplest gloves for general wear are apt to be tucked or shirred or otherwise cunningly furbereloped. The eight-inch rich rayon Kayapun glove designed by Natascha as here pictured eloquently interprets the present trend toward decorative detail, which in this instance is expressed in a heavy lace panelling up the sides. The accompanying bag has the same lace applied as the long gloves. This very chic twosome of bag and gloves is available in white, black or navy.

### Flowered Toes

Spring flowers in pastel colors are painted over the toes to grace the newest stockings for evening wear. Obviously designed for open-toed slippers, they are an intriguing as well as a decorative touch.

### Print Ensemble Is Season's Favorite

Full-length wool coats lined with a silk print to match an accompanying dress are seen in both casual and formal afternoon ensembles. In the casual group is a red silk print dress with an all around pleated skirt accented with pleated pocket flaps on skirt and bodice. This is topped by a fitted navy wool coat buttoned from neck to hem, and lined with the print of the dress.

A more formal ensemble employs a Persian pattern silk print for the dress, with a gently flared skirt and softly draped and ruffled bodice. The accompanying full-length princess coat of gray wool has elaborate trapunto embroidery on the sleeves and bodice.

### Print Sheers Are Smart for Spring

Shades of gray and white are printed in a plaid formation on a sheer dress and jacket ensemble admirably suited to spring luncheon or an afternoon's shopping in town. The jacket is long and fitted and boasts two pocket flaps on either side. The neckline is trimmed with a jabot of frothy white organdy.

Pink roses printed on white for the bodice, and on black for the skirt, are the motif for an afternoon dress of soft chiffon. A detachable apron of the pink and black print ties on over the skirt with a wide sash and bow to make it even more dressy.

### WAR TALK

Talk of the United States' entrance into the European war is growing in many quarters, according to William Bruckart. He maintains that such talk is not necessary. Because the conflict has spread to Norway and Denmark, Americans believe that it may some day be impossible for us to stay out of the fight. But Bruckart asks for just one good reason for our involvement.



## 1,900-Mile Front

Copyright, 1940  
R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, N.C.



# Township Register

An Independent Newspaper

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## GATEWAYS EAST—

It took a Herculean feat of engineering to drive a wedge through the Isthmus of Panama, slash 7500 miles from California's sea route to the Atlantic, and give the West a new gateway to America's eastern seaboard.

That vital artery, the Panama Canal, completed nearly 26 years ago, is still there, but gone are the ships needed to ply this course! Since the war 50 ships have deserted the intercoastal route to be sold, re-registered, or sent to more lucrative ports of call. Hundreds of tons of goods of all types, already sold, stand in warehouses and plants, land-bound for want of East-going vessels. Such is the crisis which has led members of the lumber, milling, manufacturing and agricultural industries from San Diego to Puget Sound to petition the Maritime Commission for at least 25 new ships at once!

Doubly unfortunate it is that at the very time the West suffers this hardship in maritime commerce, the nation finds its land routes afflicted with an unparalleled pile-up of trade lanes, customs barriers and other economic Maginot lines set squarely athwart interstate highways. As a result the public is denied the highly efficient services of the youngest member of America's transportation family, commercial motor transport, in opening up new transcontinental trade routes when they are most desperately needed.

Whether it will take an equally Herculean feat of political engineering to drive a wedge through states' Maginot tariff walls remains to be seen. The fact remains that until action is taken, the West's gateways to the East, on both land and sea, remain in jeopardy!

## WHAT'S THE SCORE?—

"Nazis Hurdled Back—Germans Forge Ahead—British Cruiser Bomber—Cruiser Bombing Denied!" And the average reader, a little breathless from this whizzing barrage of paper bullets, asks "What's the score?"

The actual score may never be known for years, but the readers complaint—whether he recognizes it or not—is a tribute to the accuracy and reliability he has come to expect of reporting in America. He accepts this, in a matter of fact way, in all accounts of domestic events.

But the reporter in strife-ridden Europe finds himself perpetually waging a one-sided battle with an all-powerful foe of "the whole truth and nothing but the truth." This is censorship.

Far from becoming duller, the censor's shears are today cutting a wider swathe than ever through European news. Copenhagen, once a favored and censor-less filing point for despatches of America, is now under the swastika. When German troops took Oslo, a nerve center of news from Norway was gagged. Hostilities in the Balkans turning ploughshares into swords, will inevitably turn pruning hooks into censors' shears.

Surveying the confused, often contradictory reports which censorship foists upon him, the average reader is apt to agree warmly with Herblock, the noted cartoonist—this should be a great year for baseball. It's one game we can watch and know what the score is!

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS WEEK—

It must be the hope of all men, viewing nations given over to British strife, persecution, and hate, that tomorrow's world will bring a better sense of fellowship, morality, and fair dealing into the

## Dead Stock Wanted

WANTED—All kinds of live stock  
Dead stock removed on short  
notice. General hauling. Corner  
Third and F streets, near school  
Manuel Pementel. Phone 155. Niles.

## D. R. REES DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST

Niles New Drug Store  
Prescription Service Evenings

family of nations.

But to find support for such a hope, where can America turn but to her schools? For it is there that tomorrow's generation is being trained, acquiring the beliefs, social habits and ideals which will shape this nation's course in the world not many years hence.

The role that schools play is therefore all-important, and well merits the setting aside of a Public Schools Week, April 22 to 29—a special occasion for parents and adults to visit classrooms and obtain for themselves a vivid, first hand glimpse of the new methods and means by which the public school system is ably and enthusiastically fulfilling that role.

It was California who, in 1921, first celebrated this week. The response was so hearty that other states have since eagerly adopted the idea until now it commands virtually nationwide observance.

California, a pioneer in many fields, in this instance pioneered another worthy effort to quicken public interest in what will ever be one of democracy's front-line defenses—the classroom. In maintaining a public school system second to none, this State shows itself alert to the perpetual need of keeping those defenses stoutly bulwarked.

But pay a visit to the classrooms yourself. Public Schools Week deserves your participation, for in our schools the form of tomorrow's world is taking shape. The chances are you will come away with renewed faith in the future of America and in the school system where youth is serving its apprenticeship for citizenship in a democracy.

## LETS ALL SLOW DOWN—

America has been traveling at such break-neck speed during the past decade, and getting nowhere, that it is time, perhaps, to slow down and read the road signs!

Any farmer, for example, who placed his faith in the theory of "abundance through scarcity," has learned by sad experience that plowing under is anything but a profitable enterprise.

Likewise, business men who hung on to Uncle Sam's coat tails, hoping thereby to climb the ladder of success, are badly disillusioned.

And members of organized labor who were told that the National Labor Relations Board would boost their paychecks and solve all their difficulties, are hanging on the ropes along with their employers.

There is no short-cut to prosperity. America has learned that, during the last few years of turmoil and heartache, if it has learned nothing else, there is no government panacea for all our ills and lack of sustenance. Certainly we have learned that!

Hard though it may be to confess it, probably it is time to admit the truth of the sage saying that "We cannot hope to accomplish the millennium in a biennium!"

## Postman's Easy Life

The postman leads an easy life in Brig Cove, Newfoundland. Although the 200 houses that comprise this frontier town face in all directions, nearly every one is on the same street. Serpentine-like, the main thoroughfare winds about the village, passing in front of almost every house.

## GUY W RILEY DENTIST

Evenings by Appointment  
MONDAY  
WEDNESDAY  
FRIDAY

PHONES: OL ymple 4471  
NILES 78-J  
(Hours 3 p. m. to 5 p. m.)  
First and Main Streets  
NILES, CALIFORNIA

## SAVE with SAFETY at The Rexall DRUG STORE

WALTON'S PHARMACY  
NILES, CALIF.

## GREETINGS

"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand" might well be the theme of this editorial from your new editor.

On January 31, 1930 the thermometer stood 32 degrees below zero outside my newspaper office at Truckee, California.

On August 17, 1931 the thermometer stood at 122 degrees above zero outside my newspaper office at Orosi, California.

The answer is Niles and Washington Township, where I hope to raise my family in comfort, and anticipate putting in some pleasant years ahead associating with congenial townspeople in a delightful environment blessed with an equable climate.

And speaking of scenery this Township has a charm all its own: rolling hills, well-kept farms and modern homes, perfect roads; not omitting mention of eight separate communities, each offering more or less of the stores and services which we spoiled Californians accept as our just right and due.

(I can poke a little fun at Californians if I wish, because I was born in San Francisco, was raised in the north-of-bay and south-of-bay counties, and can "remember when" with most of you!)

Seriously, I can see considerable opportunity to make The Township Register of invaluable service not only to Niles, but all the eight communities of Washington Township.

I am moving the plant and business to a more modern location in Niles at the earliest moment. The amount of new equipment and improved service The Register can offer Township businessmen thereafter depends solely upon the amount of commercial printing which can be kept at home; and upon how much advertising and news participation Township businessmen and residents can provide The Register.

Our aim is to work together co-operatively for the betterment of one another's interests throughout Washington Township as a whole, whether civic, social, commercial, educational or religious.

As soon as advertising increase warrants and I become familiar with Township citizens and news sources your Register will go to six pages of home print each week then eight pages, and the "patent insiders" will cease to be.

Your editor has had no trouble producing an eight page news paper filled with local news each week, in communities much smaller than Niles.

With your co-operation I can give you a Register to be proud of (with apologies for ending a sentence with a preposition, which some authorities say is the product of a lazy mind.)

Thank you!

—Walter Waynefle

## Stevenson's Grave

On the tombstone of Robert Louis Stevenson's grave in Samoa is a bronze plate with the inscription, "Under the wide and starry sky, dig a grave and let me lie. Glad did I live and gladly die, and I laid me down with a will." Another plate on the grave carries a quotation from Ruth 1:16, 17: "For whether thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

## Before the Crash

In 1929 over 19 million families had yearly incomes of less than \$2,500, and in 16 million families the income was less than \$2,000.

## DECOTO NEWS

Mr and Mrs Manuel Muniz have been entertaining their niece from Los Gatos at their home here for the past several weeks.

Chester Caldeira, Dorothy Jean Joseph, Margaret Williams and Margaret Pagan, participated in the procession of the Holy Ghost celebration held at Alvarado over the week end.

Mr Walter Walker is recovering at an Oakland hospital from a recent operation.

Rose Rehelle, Lowell Lamoureux, Eddie Francis of Oakland and Ida Sequeira, attended the Sportsmen's show starring Bob Hope, at the Oakland Auditorium on Saturday evening.

Mr George Heuer of San Francisco was a business visitor here on Tuesday.

The whist party held on Friday evening for the benefit of the Holy Rosary church here, turned out to be a financial success.

Mr and Mrs Joe Galarsa entertained friends and relatives at a party at their home here on Saturday evening.

Mr and Mrs Tony Perreira and son of San Francisco, were week end visitors here.

Mr Merton Spaulding of Oakland was a visitor here on Tuesday.

Mr Harry C. Seales visited with Mr Frank Erans of Newark on Sunday.

## Without Interruption

By R. H. WILKINSON  
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WNU Service.

JOHNNY POWERS is a wise guy. A good enough chap, but a wise guy. You can't tell him much, because he knows just about everything. You start to tell him a story when Johnny's around, and when you're half way through he'll grin and say, "Yeah, I've heard this one." And then he'll spring the point. Very annoying.

Johnny doesn't think much of old Enoch Stewart. Enoch is an old gentleman and likes to reminisce. I enjoy hearing him, because he has a way of telling a story that grips you.

Johnny Powers sits around twiddling his thumbs while old Enoch unfolds a tale in his slow way, and suddenly he'll jump up and say, "Ha! I get it. So and so married so and so. Nothing clever about that!"

You can see the hurt look and the slow anger gleaming in old Enoch's eyes. You feel sorry for the old boy, and you'd like to punch Johnny in the nose. The best you can do about it is to keep Johnny away when old Enoch is yarning.

We've been pretty successful about doing this; everyone was surprised the night he dropped in on us last week. But Johnny didn't seem to notice that anything was wrong. "Go on," he said to old Enoch. "Go on with your yarn, old timer."

"I was just telling the boys about an experience I had last winter. Maybe it's the kind of story you wouldn't be interested in."

"Uh huh," said Johnny indulgently, "uh huh. Go ahead."

"Well," said old Enoch, "it was kind of amusing. One of those brisk January days, cold and invigorating. I was walking along out in the country and I come to a bunch of children who were skating, and stopped to watch them. I tell you it was a pretty picture."

"Well, after a while along comes an old man, near as old as I be, with a pair of skates over his shoulder. He stood watching the youngsters for a while, then sat down and put on his skates and started out. He was a good one, knew how to skate all right. But he wanted to show off, wanted to show them kids how good he was and maybe teach 'em a thing or two."

Old Enoch paused to chuckle, and Johnny, grinning said, "And I suppose he went sprawling first shot out of the box?"

Enoch looked mildly surprised and a trifle hurt. "Why, yes," he said. "Yes. That's exactly what happened. First thing you knew the old boy hit a hole and tumbled into it head over heels. It was funny, but at the same time I felt sorry for the old boy."

"Hope he didn't drown," I said, looking sideways at Johnny.

"Of course he didn't," Johnny said. He stood up. "The youngsters got a rope or a log or something and pulled him out and the old man went home, a sorry looking figure, his dignity having suffered because he'd had to let the children save him. Pretty good story, but old." Johnny laughed tolerantly.

Old Enoch tugged at his moustaches. "You're pretty smart, Johnny. The old boy didn't get himself drowned. Nope. Fact is he didn't even get wet!"

The grin vanished from Johnny's face. He stared, and the rest of us were silent, waiting.

"Now wait a minute," said Johnny. "Let me get this straight. The old man was skating and he fell into a hole, and didn't even get wet?"

"Yeah," said old Enoch, and his eyes began to twinkle. "That's it, Johnny. That's right."

Johnny looked around. He saw us watching him, and he must have sensed the way we felt, because he flushed a little. "Now wait a minute," he said. "There's something wrong here. Something screwy about that yarn."

"No such a thing," said Enoch. "It's a true story, every word. And if you'd listened closely you'd see what I mean."

"All right," he said. "All right. What's the point?"

Enoch chuckled. "You're smart, Johnny. You ought to be able to figure it. You've figured out plenty of 'em before."

The color mounted in Johnny's cheeks. "It's a set-up," he blazed angrily. "I tell you that yarn's cockeyed! What's the point, anyhow?"

Enoch tugged at his moustaches. For the first time I saw him laugh. Real loud and hearty. He was enjoying this moment. It sort of paid him back for previous humiliations. He laughed, and Johnny grew white, and Enoch said, "Why, Shucks, Johnny, that's easy. Easy. The point is that the children and the old man were roller skating. Get it?"

Which Johnny did, and that's why old Enoch from then on has been able to tell his stories without interference or interruptions.

## IRVINGTON

A P-T. A. district convention was held at the Hotel Claremont last Monday evening, those attending from Irvington were: Mrs Ray Benbow, Mrs L. Roberson, Mrs Mohn, Mrs R. S. Mayock, Mrs

Scammon, Mrs W. Day, Mrs M. Corriea, Mrs J. Leal, and Mrs C. Rogers.

The pre school examination will be held at the Irvington grammar school on Thursday morning May 5. Dr. Grimmer will be attending physician.

The Irvington Boy Scouts spent last Sunday in San Francisco. Wayne Day, Everett Hammond, and Mrs Stella Benbow accompanied 16 of the boys.

Mr Robert and Ray Ringel of Oakland and Miss Eleanor George of Irvington enjoyed Saturday evening in San Jose.

Open house will be held at the Irvington grammar school on Friday April 26 from 7:30 p. m. to 10:30 p. m. All parents and friends of the school are invited to attend.

Those from Irvington who attended the flower show in San Jose with Mrs J. P. Morris Home Economic teacher, were: Mary Ann Silva, Eleanor George, and Gloria Dycus. Luncheon was enjoyed by the group at the Hawaiian gardens.

Mr and Mrs Ray Fussell are the proud parents of a baby girl. Dorothy Amaral is expected home from the hospital within the next few days. Dorothy was operated on last week, and friends will be glad to know that she has improved a great deal.

Mrs Mae Raymond visited with her sister Mrs Rudy Frates of Santa Clara on Tuesday.

Friends will be glad to hear that Mr E. H. Hirsch is gradually improving from his recent illness.

Mr Arnold Mozzetti is recovering from injuries received in a fall from his bicycle. Dr Grimmer was attending physician. Arnold received many cuts and bruises and a pair of beautiful black eyes.

The Irvington Ladies Auxiliary of Irvington are planning on giving the Irvington firemen a dinner at Sophie's place this Saturday evening.

Mrs R. S. Mayock has been elected to the office of president of the Phoebe Hearst Council. Mrs Ray Benbow will assist as secretary to Mrs Mayock.

Mrs Annie Benbow is visiting with her daughter Mrs Ida Styles of San Mateo.

Mr and Mrs Joe Casthelano, Ben and Gertrude Mozzetti and Lorraine Petersen enjoyed last Friday evening visiting in San Francisco.

Miss Lorraine Beresini of San Francisco visited with Gertrude Mozzetti last week end.

Ben Mozzetti attended a yacht party held at Paradise Cove last week end. Ben was the guest of Mr R. L. Griffith who is chief milk inspector of Alameda County.

Those who attended the Alumni dinner held at the Washington Union high school last Thursday

evening were, Evelyn Pond, June Santana, Thomas and Tony Santos Gertrude and Ben Mozzetti, Walter Rose, Virginia Scammon, Loyd and Bud Amaral, Mary Ann Silva, Gene Ramsell and Rosemary Sessa.

Mr John Rose of Oakland was a visitor in Irvington Monday evening.

A large group of Irvington children received Holy Communion in Mission San Jose last Sunday morning.

Lorraine Brown small daughter of Mr and Mrs John Brown is confined to her home suffering from a broken arm she received while at play in her yard.

Mr and Mrs Jack McKenzie are the proud parents of a baby boy. The parents have named the baby Dennis Joseph.

Miss Eleanor George, Agnes Rayfond, Kay Cole, Evelyn Kelliher, and Irma Dutra enjoyed the evening in Oakland last Friday.

Mr and Mrs Rudy Frates of Santa Clara visited with Mr and Mrs Stepp Raymond on Sunday.

Mr and Mrs James Fisher are the proud parents of a baby girl. Mrs Fisher is the daughter of Mr William Hirsch Sr.

Agnes Raymond and Kay Cole visited with friends in Oakland last Sunday.

Mrs George Caldera of Hayward visited with Mrs Mae Raymond on Monday.

Mrs V. W. Dycus is confined to her home due to a sprained ankle she received while working in her garden.

Mr Frank Morris was a business visitor in San Jose on Tuesday.

Mr Albert George has returned to school after being confined to his home for the last week. Al received injuries recently in a minor auto accident.

Miss Mae Ammons of Oakland

spent Monday evening with Agnes Raymond. Fae is planning to spend a few days with her sister Mrs M. Overacker of Mission San Jose.

A large number of Irvington people motored to Oakland last Saturday evening to attend the grand opening of the Holly Meat Packing Company of which Mr Walter Connelly, son in law of Mr and Mrs E. H. Hirsch is general manager.

Gertrude and Ben Mozzetti, Cesar Bossatti and Mrs Ben Mozzetti attended a theater party in Oakland on Sunday.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Department 4  
No. 24319  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by Mary R. Bernardo, Administratrix de bonis non of the Estate of Manuel Rodriguez, also known as Manuel Silveira Rodrigues, also known as Manuel Rodgers, also known as Manuel Rodriguez, deceased, to all persons having claims against said decedent, to, within six months after the first publication of this Notice, either file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, or exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, to me at the Law Office of E. A. Quaresma, Irvington, Alameda County, California, which place the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

Dated and first published March 29, 1940.

MARY R. BERNARDO

Administratrix aforesaid.

E. A. QUARESMA  
Irvington, California  
Attorney for Administratrix  
Publish March 29, April 5, 12  
19, 26.

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## NILES LOCALS

Marjorie Moore is spending her vacation at Palm Springs, and other points in Southern California. While she is away, Mrs. Evelyn Freitas is in charge of the beauty shop in Niles.

Mr and Mrs M. Swartz spent Sunday at Sunnyvale, where they went on a tour of inspection of Moffett air field. Mr Swartz, a World war veteran saw his first guard mount since being discharged from service at the close of the war, and thoroughly enjoyed the military ceremonies.

Jack Perry, employed at the Central bank, has been released from the hospital and has returned home to recuperate from his recent operation for appendicitis.

Mr and Mrs Jack Cahill and Mrs Mary Duarte were the guests of Mr and Mrs Joseph Perry in Alameda, one day last week.

Mr and Mrs G. Ayers, and daughter, Fern, who are visiting here from Washington, and daughter, Mrs. Joseph Ayers, were dinner guests of Mr and Mrs J. A. Bradford Thursday evening.

Friends of Leonard Osmond are glad to know that he is attaining greater success in the life insurance business. This month he is in seventh place for sales in his district, having climbed from ninth two months ago.

Dr and Mrs Edgar Dawson left the first of the week for a vacation trip that takes them to Death Valley and other points of interest in Southern California.

Mrs Jack Sabon and daughter, Anistacia, spent the week end in San Francisco, visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs Stella Windrum was here Sunday for a short visit with her daughter, Mrs Henry Snell. Mrs Windrum recently underwent a major operation at a Berkeley hospital, and after being released, has been staying with relatives in Berkeley.

Miss Marie Pine, who recently completed a course at a Oakland business college, has secured employment with the Mercantile Acceptance Corporation, in Oakland.

Norman H. Parks, who has been here to assist in the sale of The Register will return to his home at La Mesa the last of the week. He is in the newspaper brokerage business, and arranged for the sale of several other papers while here. He published the Register some years ago.

Mr and Mrs F. E. Rogers and son, Bert, will go to Loyalton, and other points in the mountains the last of the week, where the former will attend to business matters, in connection with securing a new newspaper location.

A good shower fell over the section Thursday forenoon, and was welcomed by some, who had already started irrigation of fields. There is a possibility that the rain will damage the cherry crop, it is said.

Mr and Mrs W. S. Parker of Martinez came Sunday to visit at the home of Mr and Mrs J. A. Bradford. The party drove to Santa Cruz in the afternoon to visit in the home of friends.

Young Ladies to work part time in exchange for Beauty course and room and board. Lee ANN School. 1330 Washington street, Oakland. 4-t

FOR SALE—Or will trade 4 acres of land on a car. Robertson Road Newark, R. F. D. Box 302.

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## Petty Quarrel

By R. H. WILKINSON  
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WNU Service.

JEFFREY found the newspaper lying as usual beside his plate, and he picked it up, scanned the headlines and read a lead paragraph or two in three of the front page stories. But nothing of what was written there registered on his mind. His thoughts were too occupied, his spirits too low to concentrate and enjoy his usual morning routine.

Jeffrey's eyes were heavy with lack of sleep.

With a definite gesture he laid aside the newspaper.

For the hundredth time he went over the scene again. He saw once more Susan, his wife; saw her standing in their bedroom. Rage, uncontrollable, held her in its grip.

"It's the end, Jeffrey! Absolutely the end! I'm leaving—for good this time. I'm—"

"But, Sue, can't we talk it over? Can't we settle the thing without making a mess of our lives?"

"No!"

"Then there's more to it than you pretend." She was silent, and he went on accusingly: "There's someone else. Another man—"

"Jeffrey Gordon, you're a fool!"

He watched her in bitter silence as she flung things into her suitcase. He caught the gleam of costly diamonds, necklaces, brooches, bracelets. Sight of them sickened him. It was so easy to remember that there were no costly jewels, and no quarrels before prosperity smiled on them. There had been nothing but happiness then.

It was all very funny and very tragic. Because both he and Susan had wanted money, were forever planning all the things they could do when eventually it came, as they were sure it would. Perhaps it was the planning that had kept them free of trouble. He hoped it had been more than that.

Jeffrey couldn't tell how or when the trouble had started. It just had, that's all. Petty quarrels that often resulted in angry outbursts. There were days when no word was spoken between them.

"I'm going," said Susan. "Now!" And she slammed shut her suitcase and looked at Jeffrey with flaming eyes.

"Very well," said Jeffrey. "But remember this: If you leave this house, in your present condition, don't ever return."

Her taunting laugh came back to him. Then there was silence, and Jeffrey was alone.

He stood there for some time, a little dazed and bewildered, conscious of an aching pain inside of him, thinking vaguely that Susan had gone, that she had, actually, stopped loving him. This wasn't one of their petty quarrels. It was bigger, had been prompted by something far more serious. His thoughts flashed to dark and handsome Julian Brocke, who had professed friendship for them both.

Jeffrey ate his breakfast—all of it—and picked up the newspaper again. He must force himself to read, to get his mind on other things. And so he waded through two whole columns on the first page and turned the sheet in search of something more. Almost instantly his eye fell on a headline near the top. He read, and suddenly felt his heart pounding wildly: "Society Woman Held Up and Robbed. Mrs. Jeffrey Gordon was held up early last night on the lonely Sleepy Hollow road by two masked gunmen while driving into the city and robbed of several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. Mrs. Gordon was en route to her mother's for a short visit, and was carrying the gems in a small box. Strangely enough, when she reported the robbery to local police, she showed great anxiety over the loss of a ring which she admitted was practically valueless, being an imitation, but which she prized more than all the other gems. She was wearing the ring at the time of the hold-up and asked that special endeavors be made."

Jeffrey was impatient because the operator couldn't complete his connection in less than record time. But presently Sue's voice came to him over the wire.

"Darling, I read about your being held up. If there—"

"Jeffrey, please come and get me. Jeffrey, they took my ring—"

"Yes, darling, I know. And I'm glad."

"But, Jeffrey, it—it was the one you gave me. When they tore it from my finger, I—I realized how much it meant—and how much you meant, and how silly it all was."

Jeffrey's voice was a little husky when he answered. "I know, sweet. I know." He paused, swallowed. "I've called the police station. They've recovered everything. Even the other jewelry. Wait there, darling, I'll be over to get you."

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## 1939 Hard Year On Tax Dodgers

81 Out of 114 Indicted Were Convicted; Narcotic Runners Hit.

WASHINGTON.—Elmer L. Irey, co-ordinator of the treasury department, reported to Henry Morgenthau Jr., secretary of the treasury, that investigations by treasury agents of income tax evasions and other frauds against the government brought prison sentences or heavy fines to more "racketeers and politicians" during the 1939 fiscal year than in any period since prohibition. Convicted also were George Burns and Jack Benny, the screen and radio performers, and Mrs. Edgar J. Lauer, wife of the former New York supreme court justice, on smuggling charges.

The bureau of internal revenue recommended prosecution of Tom J. Pendergast, political "boss" of Kansas City, and such racketeers as John Torrio, predecessor and partner of Chicago's Al Capone, and the Warring brothers, leaders of the numbers racket in Washington.

81 Were Convicted.

In all, 114 persons were indicted as the result of investigations by the intelligence unit of the bureau of internal revenue, and 81 were convicted. Fines of \$130,000 were imposed on those convicted and additional taxes and penalties totaling \$39,237,830.68 were recommended.

During the fiscal year narcotic seizures aggregated 902 and amounted to 26,675 ounces, compared to 638 seizures amounting to 5,278 ounces in the previous fiscal year, while confiscations of smuggled liquor increased by 188 to 3,488.

Destruction of marijuana crops in co-operation with other state and federal agencies aggregated 26,150 tons and an area of 10,391 acres. Bulk seizures at ports and borders amounted to 1,500 ounces, compared to 897 ounces in the nine-month period of the 1938 fiscal year during which new legislation was effective. Seizure of marijuana seeds at ports dropped from 884 to 96 ounces. In internal traffic seizure of bulk marijuana dropped from 17,705 ounces in the last nine months of fiscal 1935 to 14,228 ounces in 1939; seizure of seeds was 2,715, compared to 2,487, and cigarette confiscations were 40,063, compared to 12,561 in the nine months of the 1938 fiscal year.

Secret Service Busy.

Chief Frank J. Wilson of the secret service reported that during its seventy-fifth year arrests for all offenses totaled 3,714, an all-time high, compared to 2,923 in fiscal 1938. Convictions were 3,381, also an all-time high, compared to 2,314 in 1938, exceeding the previous high record by 804 cases. Acquittals were obtained in only 3 per cent of the cases.

The service seized \$424,193 in counterfeit notes, compared to \$619,290 in fiscal 1938. Losses through counterfeit notes found in deposits of bank customers or surrendered by others were reduced from \$403,343 in 1938 to \$296,769 in 1939, the lowest amount of public loss in eight years.

The alcohol tax unit brought about the conviction of 1,982 persons in conspiracy cases involving liquor frauds.

Baseball and Ringing of

Bells Is Banned in Town

SENECA FALLS, N. Y.—Playing ball and ringing bells are taboo in the central New York village, but authorities would have difficulty enforcing the laws.

Still on the statute books, and never repealed, is a law passed in 1913 which forbids bell ringing in public.

No one seems to know why ringing a bell in public was such a nuisance 26 years ago. However, authorities who might attempt to enforce the ordinance strictly would find difficulty surmounting another law, written later, which warned: "Every bicycle, tricycle, automobile or motorcycle driven in any street shall be equipped with a horn, bell or other signal and such bell or other signal shall be used in giving warnings to pedestrians or other vehicles when necessary."

Kite flying and ball playing also are against the law in Seneca Falls. An old law says boys cannot fly kites or play ball or even throw a ball in any public place, except on a public playground—and Seneca Falls has no public playground.

Charting of Gulf Stream

By Franklin Is Revealed

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Benjamin Franklin didn't spend all his spare time flying kites. He also made maps.

University of Minnesota geology students have discovered it was Franklin who first solved the troublesome problem of how to get around the Atlantic's gulf stream.

That was once a serious problem for sailing ships bound to the colonies from England, because the strong ocean current greatly reduced their speed.

The old Quaker consulted an old Nantucket whaler who knew "every ripple in the Atlantic," and then made maps under the whaler's supervision.

## Traffic Laws

By R. H. WILKINSON  
© Associated Newspapers.  
WNU Service.

"JO, THAT'S the last time you'll take the car out alone! I'm tired of getting you out of jams. Sergeant Ryan is tired of it, too. He told me today that he'd let you off for the last time."

"Really, Art, you're getting all excited over the silly business. The car is mine as much as it is yours. Moreover, I intend to drive it. I've got to learn some time."

"Now look here, Jo, I've listened to that story for the last time. It's always the same. In my opinion, women shouldn't be allowed to drive cars anyhow. They don't attach enough importance to it."

Art Phillips went out and slammed the door. Jo, his wife, watched him drive away. Of late Art had been considerate enough to leave the car at home for her use, and ride to work on the bus. But now it looked as if all that was over. Art was really angry.

Jo didn't mind so very much. But the fact that that afternoon she was scheduled to be at a bridge party in the neighboring town of Benton, and had been depending upon the car to transport her there, was annoying.

Jo glanced at her watch. The last bus to Benton for over an hour had left ten minutes ago. She became a little panicky at thoughts of being deprived of the afternoon of bridge.

Then, abruptly, came a thought. Quick action followed. She dashed upstairs, dressed quickly, and ten minutes later was on a bus riding down town. As she had expected, the car was parked at the curb in front of Art's office.

Feeling somewhat like a small boy stealing apples, she climbed into the car and was away. Once beyond the city limits she didn't care a hoot whether Art discovered the theft or not. It would do him good.

Jo arrived back in town just before five. She parked the car in the exact spot where it had stood three hours previous, caught an outgoing bus, and was home by 5:15. She had hardly divested herself of coat and hat when the phone rang. It was Art.

"Hello, honey," he began sweetly. "Sorry I can't be home to dinner. Something happened to the car this afternoon. I brought it to a garage and left it there. They just called and said it wouldn't be ready until seven. Guess I'll wait."

Jo's heart leaped. For a moment she was silent. Then: "What—what time did you say you brought the car to the garage?"

"This noon. Right after I left you."

"Oh." Jo hung up without replying. She felt weak and wanted to sit down. So this was why Art had been making excuses to stay out late. Probably carrying on an affair with another woman. And she, Jo, had believed in him implicitly.

She suddenly flung herself on a divan and wept.

A half hour later Jo dried her eyes and went upstairs. Her mind was made up. She'd pack and leave on the 6:30 train. She could never be happy with Art again. She could never trust him, never feel that he was loyal and fine as she had always thought.

Hastily she packed, scribbled a note, briefly explaining that she knew of his deceit, and went downstairs, paused at the foot and stared wide-eyed.

Art, grinning broadly, was standing in the center of the living room floor.

"Going some place?" he asked. "Say, I'm glad I got home in time to see you off. They brought the car around earlier than I expected and . . ."

"Art! Please! I don't care to listen to more of your lies!" She tried to get past him, but Art stepped in her way.

"Don't be foolish, Jo. You'll regret it. Wait till you hear my story."

Jo paused. After all, it was only fair to let him explain. She did love him, and she'd never feel right unless she had given him a chance. "All right. But hurry."

"Then, you do care? You're not really going to run out and leave me flat? I didn't think you would, honey."

"I said I'd listen."

"Jo," Art suddenly swept her into his arms. "Jo, I don't blame you for getting sore. I shouldn't have taken the car, knowing you wanted it this afternoon. But . . . he paused to grin. "The fact is I saw you drive off from in front of the office. I wanted to teach you a lesson. That's why I hatched up that story about the garage. You see, I went up there this afternoon to make arrangements to have them give you driving lessons. That's what gave me the idea. I was at the garage when I called. And that's why I was so late in getting home."

Jo, both arms about Art's shoulders, reached inside her bag, extracted the note and crumpled it into nothingness.

Blind Men Test Phones  
Because of their supersensitive hearing, blind men are used to test wireless headphones at a factory in Europe.

## NEWARK SCOUTS TO HAVE OUTING IN JUNE

Jack MacGregor, of the Newark grammar school announces this week that the Boy Scout troop of Newark plan an outing at San Mateo park, near Pescadero in June. More than 20 boys have signed up for the trip, and they will be accompanied by Mr MacGregor and other adults of Newark.

## Niles Congregational Church

By Rev Day

We are looking forward to Sunday May 12th, Whit Sunday, which commemorates the birthday of the Christian church. Happily this date coincides this year with Mother's Day. We are planning for the Junior Choir to lead the congregation in the music of the worship. The Home, the Church, and the School from time immemorial have been the moulding forces making for right individual character, and sound community life. In these days of social upheaval and bewildering change, it is well for us to return to a thoughtful consideration of our needs and of responsibility for the maintenance of these tested institutions.

We are observing this week National Education, the vital service our schools render to our children and to society. Should we not give as serious attention to the influences upon the common life springing from the Home and the Church. We need our schools. Do we need the Home and the Church. How can we contribute to keeping these vital institutions strong and conserving forces in human society? How can we better unite them that the full force of their influence may be brought to bear on the difficult and dangerous problems confronting our human world.

Come now, let us reason together, plan together and pray together.

## CENTERVILLE

Advance preparations are now being made for the Annual Holy Ghost Fiesta to be given at Center ville on May 4 and 5.

Miss Annie Emerson of Oakland was a week end guest at the home of Miss Louise Emerson in Centerville.

Mrs Florence Arnold of Oakland visited at the home of Mr and Mrs Ferraris on South Main street, recently.

Miss Vivian Cuciz of Milpitas spent the week end with her grand parents Mr and Mrs J. E. Clark, over the week end.

The Centerville Boy Scout Troop visited the Steel Factory in Pittsburgh on Friday. Those attending were Laverne Furtado, Roy Duarte, Melvin Nunes, Jackie Silva, Allen Asakawa, George Holeman, Gilbert DeBorba, and Eddie Brazil. On Monday night the Scouts attended a swimming party at the Hayward plunge.

Mrs Mae Souza is in charge of arrangements for a dinner that the American Legion Auxiliary is planning for May 29.

A birthday party was given for little Geraldine Silva on Saturday afternoon. A number of younger children attended and had a very enjoyable afternoon.

Donald Furtado a Junior at Washington Union high school won third prize in the poppy poster contest held by the American Legion Auxiliary of Washington town. ship.

A number of Centerville people attended the Holy Ghost Fiesta held in Alvarado on Saturday night and Sunday of last week.

Mrs Andrew Garten of the Black 'n White restaurant motored to Watsonville on Thursday to get Mr Garten's aunt, Mrs Hettie Thorpe who is going to spend a few weeks with them.

Miss Bernadette Mattos, Ver-milda Deluce and Bernice Rose are now singing with Larry Sylva's orchestra.

Miss Lorraine Rogers of Mission San Jose has been spending the past week with her sister, Mrs Joaquin Martin, due to the illness of her father Mr J. E. Rogers.

William A. Lohanier, grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias and a San Francisco attorney, was guest of honor at the meeting of the Knights of Pythias last Thursday evening.

A group of students from the Cooking classes of Mrs Josephine Morris of Washington Union high school made a tour through some of the larger department stores in San Jose on Friday.

The Study Club of the Country club of Washington township will meet at the home of Doctor Isabel McCracken on the Stanford University campus, on May 3. Mrs Josephine Brown and her daughter in law, Mrs Franklin A Brown will be assistant hostesses at the luncheon.

George Mathiesen came home from the University of California and John Dusterberry came home from Stanford University, Thursday evening to attend the annual Alumni dinner at Washington Union high school.

Mrs F. T. Dusterberry left Tues-

day for the state convention of Women's Federated clubs in Fresno.

Mrs Etta Alexander, Mrs F. T. Dusterberry, and Mrs Roland Bendel were on the committee for the tea given to Thomas E. Dewey, Republican candidate for president, at the hotel Oakland, in Oakland, Sunday.

Mr and Mrs Vernon Brown of Centerville are the proud parents of a baby son.

Mrs Mary Caldeira of Newark has been spending several days at the Centerville home of Mr and Mrs M. Smith.

According to the Toyon Berries of Washington Township, their fashion show and tea held at the Centerville Country clubhouse, Saturday was a financial success.

Mrs G. A. Coit spent the week end in Sacramento visiting friends.

Mr and Mrs Jack Lowrie of Berkeley visited his mother over the week end, Mrs Georgie Lowrie who is recovering from a broken hip at her Centerville home.

Miss Louise Emerson, Miss Annie Emerson and Mrs Fred Dusterberry visited Mr and Mrs Horace Overacker in Palo Alto, Sunday.

Next Wednesday the members of the St. James guild of the Centerville church, will meet at Memorial hall at 2 in the afternoon, with Mrs. R. W. Swenson and Mrs. E. Hawley as hostesses.

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# The Honorable Uncle Lancy

By ETHEL HUESTON

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WNU Service

## CHAPTER XIII—Continued

The truck pulled into the camp grounds where a space had been reserved and roped off for it. The girls still stared through the little darkened windows.

"Girls," Helen whispered suddenly. "Look! It's the wrong rally! There's Brother Wilkie on the platform. There's Len Hardesty standing on the steps."

"Why, Ben's brought us to the wrong rally!" said Adele. "You'd think he would know it by this time!"

"He must be drunk," said Helen. "I'll tell him."

They ran to the front of the truck and banged furiously on the small locked doors that separated the driver's seat from the body. They called, softly at first, then as loudly as they could scream, "Ben! Ben! Ben! Oh, Ben!" Still no reply.

"Uncle Lancy'll fire Ben Baldy for this," said Adele.

"Aunt Olympia'll strangle him," said Limpy.

They climbed back to their narrow perches and peered interestedly through the small high windows to witness the Republican rally. Adele's eyes clung to Len Hardesty's lean face, where he stood alertly on the steps that led to the platform.

Len Hardesty had been on intent lookout for the sound truck. There it came! There it was! A faint semblance of a smile softened his set features. A stroke of genius! It wouldn't win the Governor many votes perhaps, but it would certainly make talk, and better still, it would create laughter. It would embarrass Sloppy. It would show Olympia he wasn't to be sneezed at.

"Here's the truck," he wrote on a card and passed it up to the Governor.

"Be ready with the lights," he said to the engineer who stood beside him.

The Governor finished his paragraph. Then he paused dramatically.

"My friends," he belted suddenly, "we have charged that your representative in the Senate of the United States—Alenon Delaporte Slopschire—is a careless, indifferent, inefficient man! Too careless, too inefficient, to be trusted to safeguard the rights of this sovereign state! We have been challenged to produce proof of that charge! Tonight, we bring that proof! . . . Do you believe—is any child innocent enough to believe—that a man who cannot protect his own property, cannot preserve his own rights, cannot safeguard his own interests, can be trusted to safeguard the property, the rights, the interests of our sovereign state? Ladies and gentlemen, on this night of all nights in this campaign, at this crucial moment, Senator Slopschire has shown himself so careless, so inefficient, that he has allowed his own campaign sound truck to be driven off under his very nose! Ladies and gentlemen—this is our proof! We give you the Slopschire Sound Truck! It stands before you!"

Immediately floodlights from all over the park were flashed on that silent tomb, the Senator's sound truck. The girls crouched down out of sight below the small windows.

Spike O'Connor, stern, unsmiling, accepted his honors with a stiff bow. A roar went up from the crowd, hand-clapping, cheers, and boos for Slopschire.

When the applause had somewhat subsided, the Governor went on:

"Here, my friends, you have actual, physical, incontrovertible proof of our charge of inefficiency. In the face of this testimony, what can be said of the Senator's sagacity, his senatorial watch-care of our state's rights, his guardianship of the sacred privilege of our common citizenship? Tonight—at this hour—Senator Slopschire is supposed to be making an intensive drive for votes in this state, addressing gathered crowds through the microphone of this sound truck. This is the truck that carries his valuable papers, his books, his files, his notes; as well as his loud-speaking equipment. Can you trust a man who can't take care of his own property, to take care of yours?"

"Ah, ladies and gentlemen, in the Holy Book of our Fathers, in Divine Scripture, what is declared to be the fate of those wicked and faithless servants, who, not being faithful in small things, cannot be trusted with greater things? Is it to him these words were spoken, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things?' Ah, no! That wicked and faithless servant, careless, inefficient, faithless in small things, is to be cast into the outer darkness and there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

"But this Good Book of Guidance offers counsel and advice for all; yea, even to the wicked and faithless servant, faithless in small things! Come back with me to Proverbs, and read this admonition. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.' . . . Go to the ant, Senator Slopschire, consider her ways, and be wise."

Limpy could stand no more. "Give me that mike!" she said pas-

sionately. "I'll tell them a thing or two."

And as the roar of applause died down, suddenly the tomb of inefficiency found voice and spoke. Limpy, standing tense and rigid between the cabinets, bawled bravely into the microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Listen to me a minute! It's the most outrageous lie I ever heard of!"

Startled silence gripped the crowd. Was this a plant? At any rate, it was dramatic. All eyes were riveted to the truck.

"I'm Limpy Rutherford, and Senator Slopschire's my uncle and there never lived a better uncle than my Uncle Lancy. This is the most despicable outrage I ever heard of!"

Len Hardesty collapsed on the bottom step. "Oh, my God, he swiped the kid with it!" he groaned.

"My Uncle Lancy is the most honorable, most gentlemanly, most conscientious person that ever lived. I've lived with him a year and I ought to know. And he's efficient, too. He's terribly efficient. I know his car hasn't run out of gas since we've been here, and that's efficient."

"And he's a good Senator, too. Everybody in the Senate just loves Uncle Lancy; even Republicans love him—all the important ones, that amount to anything. McNary just dotes on him, he said so himself. And Vandenberg thinks everything in the world of Uncle Lancy. He told me if Uncle Lancy was a Republican he'd be presidential timber. And Uncle Lancy's a good Christian, too, I don't care if he is a senator!"

"I know all about the Scripture! I was brought up on the Bible; the real Bible. Would my Uncle Lancy stoop to stealing Brother Wilkie's sound truck—and commit thievery—just to win a few votes? Certainly not! He wouldn't think of it! Do you think for one minute my Uncle Lancy would steal Brother Wilkie's brats?"

"Oh, Limpy, don't say brats!" moaned Helen.

"I mean children," Limpy corrected herself hastily. "He wouldn't do it, anyhow. He wouldn't soil his fingers with them! He's too much of a gentleman and too much of a Christian and too good a senator. And even though I'm a Republican myself, if I had a vote, do you know who I'd vote for? I'd vote for Uncle Lancy—that's who! I'd vote for him a thousand times if I could and go to jail for it, and it would be worth it, too. I'd be glad to go to jail for Uncle Lancy. He—he's a swell-guy."

Tears began welling to Limpy's eyes. A lump rose in her throat. She struggled on. "My Uncle Lancy is—just—swell."

Limpy collapsed in a passion of tears on the floor of the truck. Helen grabbed Limpy. Adele grabbed the microphone.

Suddenly her low, even voice swept over the crowd, still gripped in awe, electrical silence.

"My sister is perfectly right. Every word she said is the gospel truth. I'm Adele."

"Oh, my God, he got them all!" gasped Len Hardesty, and started for the truck.

"I have never been so shocked in my life," continued Adele. "Our preachers in Iowa wouldn't do it! That's not the kind of preachers we have. And if Brother Wilkie is so fond of the Scripture, he'd better read up on that handwriting on the wall business; if he doesn't see handwriting tonight, he will next Tuesday!"

"Play, you idiots!" roared Brother Wilkie, and the band swept, too late, into the cheerful strains of "Don't you weep for me."

But already the crowd had moved away from the platform and was massing around the sound truck, once more standing silent, grim and tomblike. Reporters nosed closer, closer. Cameras turned on it from every direction. Light bulbs exploded. Len Hardesty pushed his way through. He beat on the door of the truck.

"Adele! Open this door! Come out of that truck!"

Adele opened the door. Light flashed about her, cameras clicked, the crowd roared. Adele, wide-eyed, damp curls clustering about her pale face, slim bare legs shivering beneath the short damp cape, stood clearly revealed. Helen, with the weeping Limpy in her arms, was behind her.

Len took one look. "Adele!" he roared. "Get back in that truck and put on your clothes."

"We haven't any clothes," said Adele pathetically. "They stole our clothes, too." Her teeth chattered nervously. "We're half-frozen." And she slammed the door.

Len Hardesty flung himself against it, facing the cheering, laughing crowd. He was haggard and wild-eyed.

The crowd, too, was beginning to mutter, almost menacingly. This, definitely, was carrying things too far, even in a mud-slinging campaign.

And then, from the distance, came the roar of approaching motors, the shriek of sirens, the scream of police whistles. Nearer, nearer!

"Oh, my God, it's the police!" groaned Len Hardesty. "Well,

they'll get into this truck over my dead body!"

And he planted himself more firmly against the door of the truck, both arms outstretched, a figure of grim defiance.

## CHAPTER XIV

It was the police—a thoroughly outraged and vengeful police escort, reinforced by a dozen or more additional officers from Uncle Lancy's big rally. The escort was offended to the depths of its being. It is true, it had not been in the immediate vicinity of the commission of this crime against law and order. Still, it had been detailed to the Senator for the campaign, and to have three girls and a sound truck kidnaped from under its nose, as it were, was certainly going to make talk. It might even instigate an investigation.

The roaring onswamp of motors was the noisy approach of the Senator and Aunt Olympia, in pursuit of their children.

Aunt Olympia never forgave her subconscious for not affording her some premonition of what was to happen that fateful night.

A beaming Madonna with a clear conscience and red face, she had accompanied the Senator on his last trek; received with him the plaudits of the crowds, accepted bouquets, and at Millsville dimpled rosiely over the handsome evening bag present-



Aunt Olympia

ed with a good deal of ceremony. She listened attentively to the Senator's speeches, applauding good points, the incarnation of devoted wifeliness and temporary motherhood.

Eventually they arrived at the last round-up, Trentfare. There she received her fourth bouquet, the others being left out of sight on the floor of the automobile. She didn't mind at all because the girls were late.

"God knows they need a rest from all the speech-making," she thought leniently. "They'll get here in time for the wind-up—in those costumes—looking like angels. They'll be a sensation. They'll clinch every float-er for miles around."

She smiled, she shook hands, she acknowledged introductions and took bows, and then flattered down in her chair with modest decorum. But she couldn't help keeping watch for the girls. Her fond eyes yearned for the blessed sight of them, in those works of art.

Just as the Senator was getting well launched in what was to be the climactic closing speech of the campaign, suddenly the haggard face of Ben Baldy appeared at the side door of the platform. He waved grimy hands toward Aunt Olympia, he shook his head, he scowled. Someone seated near the door whispered to him. A message trickled along the front row until it reached Aunt Olympia.

"He wants to speak to you."

Even then Aunt Olympia was not startled. It was the girls, of course; probably wanting to know whether they should come right on or wait until the Senator had finished. She rose, carrying the huge bouquet, and tiptoed over the feet of the front-row honor guests on the platform, whispering apologies, until she reached the door.

With a big, soiled finger Ben motioned her to come a little farther. "Mis' Slopschire," he whispered tersely. "They swiped our girls."

Olympia drew herself together into her familiar posture of hauteur.

"Baldy, have you been drinking?" "I wish to God I had been," he answered, in a voice both evasive and devout. "Brother Wilkie done it. They swiped the sound truck and the girls along with it while I was—snatching a bite. A cop brought me in a side car."

"Brother Wilkie—swiped—" she said quaveringly, her knees going weak.

"Republicans, anyhow. And rushed 'em off seventy miles an hour—to the other rally."

"Where are the girls, Ben, where

are my girls?" she demanded, her voice going swiftly crescendo.

"They're swiped."

"But where are they now? What's happened to them?"

"They're still swiped."

Aunt Olympia was game to the depths of her being. Even to this catastrophe, she arose with rampant resourcefulness.

"We must head off the Senator," she said. "He'll kill Brother Wilkie for this. . . . Wait here, Baldy. I'll go down front and catch his eye."

The Senator, working up to one of his best points, was a good deal surprised to see a pale and grim-lipped Olympia appear before him below the speaker's stand. Her rightful place was in a good position on the platform. But even a pale Olympia gave him courage. Not a bad idea, getting down there where he could catch her glare. Olympia, who had a stimulating effect on perfect strangers, was almost intoxicating to the Senator.

He went on, with greater eloquence. In the burst of applause that followed the paragraph, he glanced complacently down at a beam of approval. Imagine his amazement to see Olympia silently weeping, swabbing at her under-chin. The Senator tried desperately to recall if he had said anything of a pathetic nature to arouse her emotions, but there had been no pathos in this speech; this was a fighting speech and Olympia never cried over fights. He gazed at her distractedly. Flatteringly he took up the next paragraph, but he couldn't get his mind off Olympia, sobbing silently almost beneath his feet.

"Clap, boys," he whispered to those behind him on the packed platform.

Accepting the cue, they broke into hearty applause, and the audience joined willingly enough. Taking advantage of this interval, the Senator leaned over the rostrum.

"What's the matter?" "The Republicans stole the children. Kidnaped them. They've got the children."

"What!" She nodded her head, tears streaming down a face in which the last vestige of rose had faded, even to her lips. "Stole them. Got them. All of them."

The Senator rose to dramatic heights of which even Olympia had never dreamed he was capable. He towered to a height which was really impressive for his somewhat slight stature. He raised his hand for silence. He leaned forward again.

"What did you say, my dear?" he asked, clearly.

"Brother Wilkie stole our truck and kidnaped our children. They took them to the other rally."

The Senator raised both arms. Mild though he was supposed to be, the united Opposition would have quailed before his look at that moment.

"My friends," he said, and there was the venom of murder in his voice. As for the sweating throng, this being a decided innovation in a campaign which had not been dull, an almost unearthly silence gripped it.

"My friends, I came here tonight prepared to answer briefly, decisively, every issue that has been raised in this campaign. But my campaign is ended at this moment. I shall not continue my speech. I am obliged to leave you. I have just learned that the Opposition, reduced in their extremity to dastardly deeds of violence, have stolen those three children who are dearer to my wife and me than our very lives. They have taken our children. Ladies and gentlemen, I relinquish the campaign; I leave it in your hands. For myself, I go to rescue our girls from this act of wanton depravity. Let your votes fall where they may."

He leaped nimbly down from the platform and put his arm around Olympia. The audience waited in taut silence, anticipating some further, exciting denouement. But Jim Allen, the state chairman, did not wait. He, too, leaped from the platform and caught the Senator by the arm.

"Senator, for God's sake, you can't do that!" he said. "You can't walk out on us! You'll offend every Democrat in the state. The kids will be all right. Nobody'll hurt 'em. But we've got every county chairman in the state here; we've got committees from every club; they'll never forgive you."

The Senator drew himself up. "Jehand me, Jim," he said thickly.

"You can't go, Senator; I won't permit it; I've worked too hard on this!"

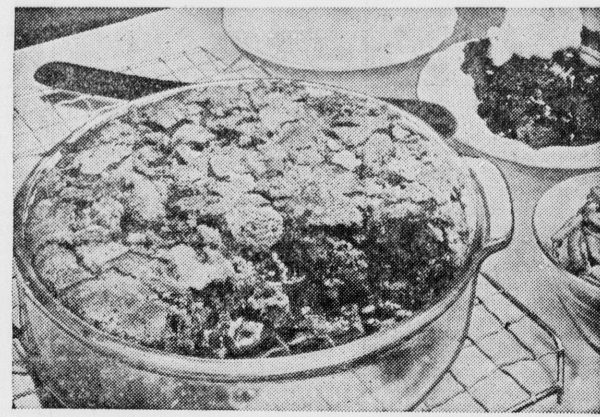
The Senator let go of Olympia. He took his glasses carefully in his left hand. He doubled his right fist, rose toweringly on his toes—Jim was a tall man—and delivered a surprisingly straight, clean uppercut to Jim Allen's face. Jim Allen, felled more by surprise than by the force of the blow, sank to the floor.

"Come, Olympia!" said the Senator, gently, replacing his glasses.

Olympia, even in this crisis, did not forget that she was a lady. As she stepped, carefully, though blindfolded with weeping, over the prostrate form of Jim Allen, she hesitated long enough to murmur, "So sorry, Jim!" And the Senator led her away.

The crowd waited . . . There would be another act, of course . . . On the whole, it was well-pleased. The constituents had had three months of speechmaking and band music and handshaking. A kidnapping was something new. So they waited.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



CHOCOLATE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE AN UNUSUAL DESSERT (See Recipes Below)

## Spring Menus

Planning meals can be fun, if you'll let your imagination and your conscience be your guides! Meal planning does require imagination and a bit of originality, too, if you don't want the responsibility of three meals a day to be a bore, and three meals a day without that touch of "something" different can be boring—to you as well as to your family! A meal may be properly and carefully "balanced" from the standpoint of proteins and carbohydrates and vitamins and minerals—and still be a drab and uninteresting affair.

That seems to be particularly true in spring, when appetites are likely to be jaded, and you seem to be running out of menu ideas. And that's exactly the time to try something different, a little trick to add newness and interest to soups; a tasty and unusual meat dish; and a salad or dessert that makes use of some of the refreshing spring vegetables and fruits.

Just for variety, for instance, when I want to serve hot soup as the first course of a meal, I combine equal parts of canned consommé and tomato juice, simmer the resulting mixture for about 5 minutes with a bay leaf for flavor, and serve it very hot with a spoonful of salted whipped cream sprinkled with chopped chives or green onion tops. And I serve green onions and crisp, succulent radishes in place of the relishes I've used all winter. I use rhubarb for sauce or for dessert, just as soon as the price comes down within reach of my budget; I shred young carrots, or cut them in thin slivers, and cook them with an equal amount of onion, sliced fine; drain them and season with salt, pepper and butter. Or I cook carrots and potatoes together and mash them just as I would for mashed potatoes, to serve with the rich brown gravy of a pot roast.

Here are three spring menus that I like.

**Menu No. 1.**  
Corned Beef Hash Patties  
Spring Vegetable Salad  
Hot Corn Bread  
Rhubarb Dessert

**Menu No. 2.**  
Steak Roll  
Mashed Potatoes and Carrots  
Cabbage and Green Pepper Salad  
Hot Rolls  
Chocolate Upside-Down Cake

**Menu No. 3.**  
Economy Bridge Menu  
Porcupine Meat Balls  
Potatoes au Gratin  
Grilled Mushrooms  
Nut Bread  
Plum Jelly

**Menu No. 4.**  
Mixed Green Salad  
Rhubarb Tarts  
Corned Beef Hash Patties.

1 16-ounce can corned beef hash  
1/4 cup chili sauce  
8 slices bacon (cut in halves)  
Place can of corned beef hash in refrigerator and chill thoroughly. Open can at both ends. Push corned beef hash out of can, slicing it in 1/2-inch slices. Place slices in buttered baking pan. Place 2 teaspoons chili sauce on top of each slice and top with two half slices of bacon. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees) for 10 minutes or until corned beef hash slices are thoroughly heated and bacon is crisp.

**Johnny Cake or Corn Bread.**  
(Makes 1 Johnny Cake)  
or  
(12 Corn Meal Muffins)

1 1/2 cups yellow (or white) corn meal (uncooked)  
1/2 cup general purpose flour  
1/4 cup sugar  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon soda  
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 egg

1 1/4 cups sour milk  
3 tablespoons butter (melted)  
Mix and sift dry ingredients into mixing bowl. Combine beaten egg, sour milk and melted butter and add to dry mixture. Stir lightly and pour into greased shallow pan, muff-

ins or corn stick pans. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) for 25 minutes.

**Steak Roll.**  
(Serves 6)  
1 slice round steak (1/2 inch thick)  
2 tablespoons butter  
1/2 lb. ham (ground)  
1/4 cup thin cream  
1 tablespoon prepared mustard  
Salt and pepper  
1 cup bread flour  
1 cup canned tomatoes

Wipe steak with damp cloth. Melt butter in frying pan and brush over one side of steak. Mix together the ground ham, cream, and mustard, and spread over buttered side of steak. Roll like a jelly roll and secure with skewers or string. Sprinkle roll with salt and dredge with flour. Sauté in remaining butter until golden brown. Remove roll to baking dish. Add tomatoes to fat in skillet and heat to boiling. Pour this tomato mixture over the roll; cover with a lid and bake in a moderately hot oven (350 degrees) for 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours, or until tender.

**Chilled Rhubarb Dessert.**  
For an extra-special fruit dessert try the following: To one pound of rhubarb (cut in 1/2-inch pieces; add 1 cup sugar, 1/4 cup orange juice and 1 tablespoon grated orange rind and cook in a double boiler 30 minutes or until tender. Serve cold.

**Rhubarb Cream Tarts.**  
1 tablespoon butter  
2 cups rhubarb (diced)  
1 1/4 cups sugar  
2 tablespoons cornstarch  
2 eggs (separated)  
1/4 cup thick sweet cream  
1/4 teaspoon salt

Melt butter, add rhubarb, and 1 cup of the sugar. Cook slowly for about 10 minutes or until the rhubarb is soft. Combine remaining fourth-cup of sugar with the cornstarch, the well beaten egg yolks, cream and salt.

Add to fruit mixture and cook until thick (about 3 minutes). Pour into baked tart shells. Top with meringue made from the 2 egg whites, beaten stiff, with 4 tablespoons sugar beaten in. Bake in a slow oven (300 degrees) until brown (about 18 minutes).

**Chocolate Upside-Down Cake.**  
1 1/2 cups cake flour  
3/4 cup granulated sugar  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 sq. bitter chocolate (1 oz.)  
2 tablespoons butter  
1/2 cup milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
1/2 cup broken nut meats

**Topping.**  
2 tablespoons cocoa  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1/2 cup granulated sugar  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 cup boiling water

Sift and measure the flour. Then sift flour, 3/4 cup granulated sugar, baking powder and salt together into a mixing bowl. Melt together the chocolate and butter; mix with the milk and vanilla. Stir into the dry ingredients. Add nuts and blend thoroughly. Pour into a well-greased deep layer cake pan.

**Topping—Now mix together the cocoa, brown sugar and the 1/2 cup granulated sugar and salt. Spread this over the top of the cake batter. Over all pour the cup of boiling water and place in a moderate oven, (350 degrees) to bake 1 hour.**

This is a rich chocolate cake with a chocolate sauce underneath. Turn it out for serving. It is best served slightly warm with whipped cream.

**Porcupine Meat Balls.**  
(Serves 6)  
1 pound beef (ground)  
1 1/2 cups rice (uncooked)  
1/2 cup bacon (diced)  
1 tablespoon onion (minced)  
1 tablespoon green pepper (chopped)  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
Dash pepper  
1 No. 2 can tomatoes

Mix all ingredients thoroughly in order given. Form into small meat balls. Place in greased baking dish and cover with tomatoes. Cover baking dish. Bake approximately 1 1/2 hours in a moderate oven (350 degrees).

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

# Star Dust

By VIRGINIA VALE

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

JUDGE DUDLEY S. VALJENTINE of the Los Angeles Superior court conducted an important trial recently—not in court, however, and the judge wore overalls instead of his judicial robes.

The issue at stake was whether or not he still retained his skill as a locomotive engineer. The scene was a movie location set, and the stars of "Torrid Zone" comprised the jury. It seems that years ago the judge was a railway engineer, and when he learned that an old-time locomotive would be run over its own private track on the movie location, the jurist accepted the invitation of the location manager—also a former engineer—to put the train through its paces.

With Pat O'Brien and Andy Devine in the cab, His Honor took the driver's seat, tugged the whistle cord and opened the throttle. He made the two-mile run in six minutes flat, cheered on by his two passengers.

If you liked "Topper" and "Topper Takes a Trip" you'll probably be delighted with "Turnabout," by the same author. Hal Roach is producing and directing it, and the cast is made up of people famous for their gift for smart, sophisticated comedy. It includes Carole Landis, Mary Astor, Verree Teasdale, Adolphe Menjou, William Gargan, Margaret Roach, John Hubbard, Donald Meek and Polly Ann Young.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has purchased the rights to "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and is planning to pro-



ROBERT DONAT

duce it in England, with Robert Donat in the dual starring role. Many years ago it was the horror picture of the year, with John Barrymore playing the lead so magnificently that he scared audiences almost into fits.

Los Angeles is noted as being one of the athletic centers of the country, but when Ona Munson (the "Belle Watling" of "Gone With the Wind," and the "Lorelei" of radio's "Big Town,") landed out there she couldn't find any women to play squash with her. She is an avid squash fan, so she advertised in a newspaper for feminine partners, and received no replies. But Ona didn't let that stop her. She was determined to play squash—and play squash she does, with men. The Men's University Club in Hollywood has an ironclad rule—"No Women Allowed." She's an exception. She's admitted, to play squash—but on Sundays only.

**ODDS AND ENDS.** William Powell and Myrna Loy will next be co-starring by Metro in "I Love You Again." Then radio's "Screen Guild Theater" rings down its curtain the last of this month the motion picture relief fund will have added \$570,000 to its treasury. Bink Crosby may spend this year's vacation in South America. Miriam Hopkins will appear opposite Melvyn Douglas in "Singapore," for Columbia.

Since his current program, "Musical Americana," took the air Raymond Paige has received thousands of letters from students requesting auditions and advice about careers. Paige's sponsor—Westinghouse—recently held auditions for a "Vocal Stock Company," and received enough applications to form hundreds of them.

In preparation for bringing Katharine Hepburn back to the screen in "The Philadelphia Story," Metro made a recording of a performance of the play. She has had a long and successful run in it, and it's one of her best roles. In the screen version Robert Taylor will have the male lead.

Edgar Bergen wasn't sorry to pack up Charlie McCarthy and go back home to Hollywood. During his recent series of broadcasts from New York the demand for tickets was overwhelming, and Bergen confessed to a friend that he didn't believe he'd ever dare come back—said he'd had to refuse tickets to so many people that he was afraid he'd alienated all his friends.

Paramount has announced a new picture, "Merchant Marine," with Fred MacMurray in the lead.

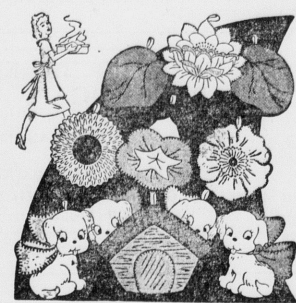




**Things to do**

LET'S make some bright new panholders! NUMO hot iron transfer, Z9108, 15 cents, has just the motifs you've been wanting—pretty enough for any bride-to-be, and a gay tonic for your own winter-weary kitchen. The nine designs illustrated are all on this one pattern; note that these combine into distinct sets of three each.

A pastel waterlily flanked by two lily pads of green is the basis



of one lovely set. Sunflower, morning glory and wild rose motifs make up the second set; the third set is a clever group consisting of two pup panholders which slip into a doghouse holder when not in use.

So if you're in need of inexpensive shower gifts, order this pattern, then get out your scrap bag and start to work. You could give no more practical nor appreciated gift than one of these attractive sets. And, of course, the several stampings of this NUMO transfer will enable you to make sets for yourself, too. Send order to:

AUNT MARTHA  
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.  
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No. ....  
Name .....  
Address .....

### Earned Success

I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.—Theodore Roosevelt.

### 30 Years Success! Doctor's Formula For Ugly Surface PIMPLES—ACNE

Here's a real chance to get after those unsightly externally caused skin flaws with powerfully soothing Zemo (a doctor's marvelous prescription) for itching of eczema, pimples, ringworm and similar annoying skin irritations. Zemo contains 10 different highly effective ingredients—that's why first applications quickly ease itching soreness and thus help nature promote FAST healing. Stainless, invisible, 35¢, 60¢, \$1. Liquid or Ointment form. One trial convinces! Real severe cases may need \$1.25 EXTRA strength. All drug stores.

### Evil Offspring

Jealousy is said to be the offspring of love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.—Hare.

### GAS SO BAD CROWDS HEART

"My bowels were so sluggish and my stomach so bad I was just miserable. Sometimes gas bloated me until it seemed to crowd my heart. I tried Adierka. Oh, what relief. The first dose worked like magic. Adierka removed the gas and waste matter and my stomach felt so good."—Mrs. E. A. McAdams. If gas in your stomach and bowels from constipation bloats you up until you gasp for breath, take a tablespoonful of Adierka and notice how the stomach GAS is relieved almost at once. Adierka often moves the bowels in less than two hours. Adierka is BOTH carminative and cathartic, containing five carminatives to warm and soothe the stomach and expel GAS, and three cathartics to clear the bowels and relieve intestinal nerve pressure.

Sold at all drug stores

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### Thoughts Return

Thoughts come back; beliefs persist; facts pass by, never to return.—Goethe.

### Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

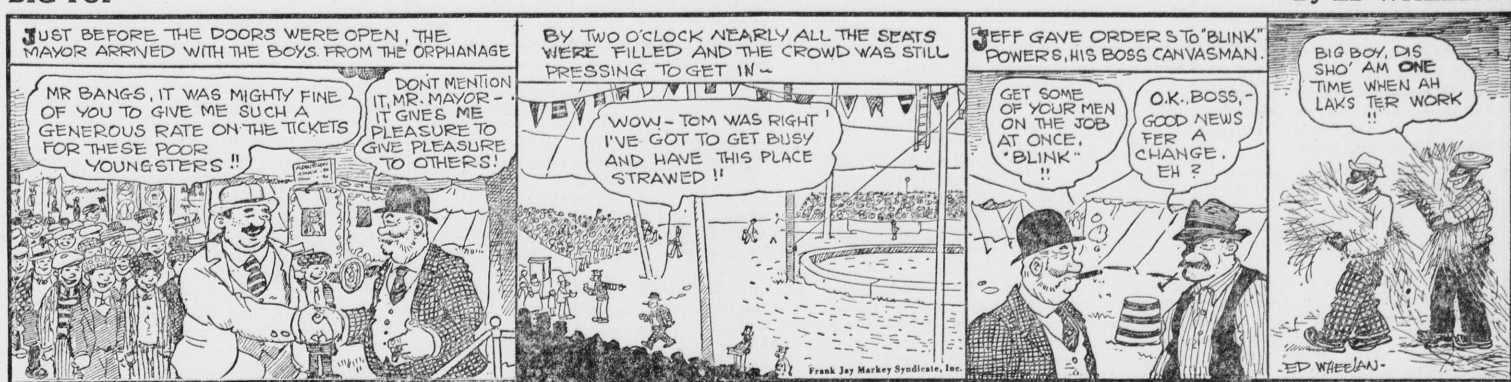
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nationwide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS**

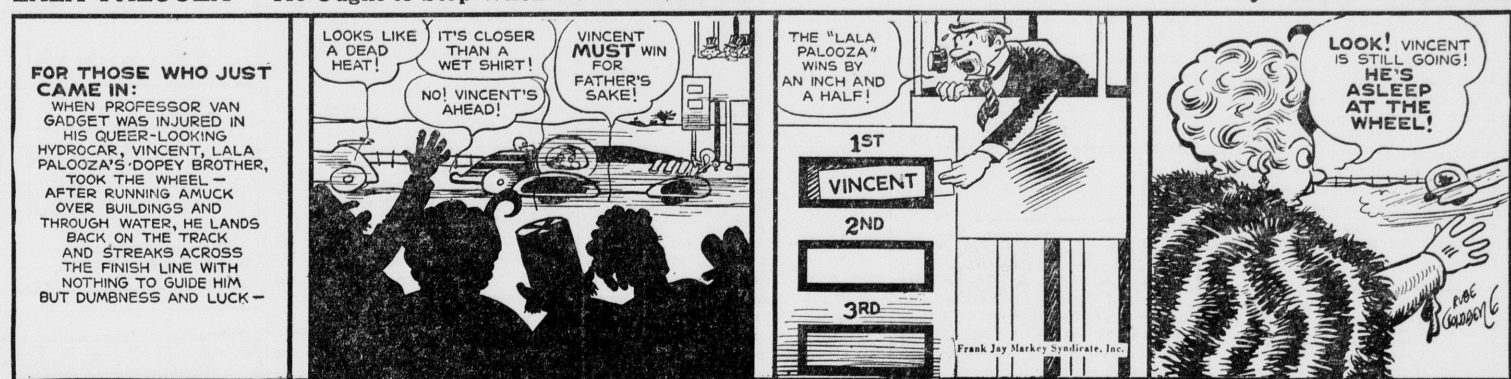
# THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

### BIG TOP



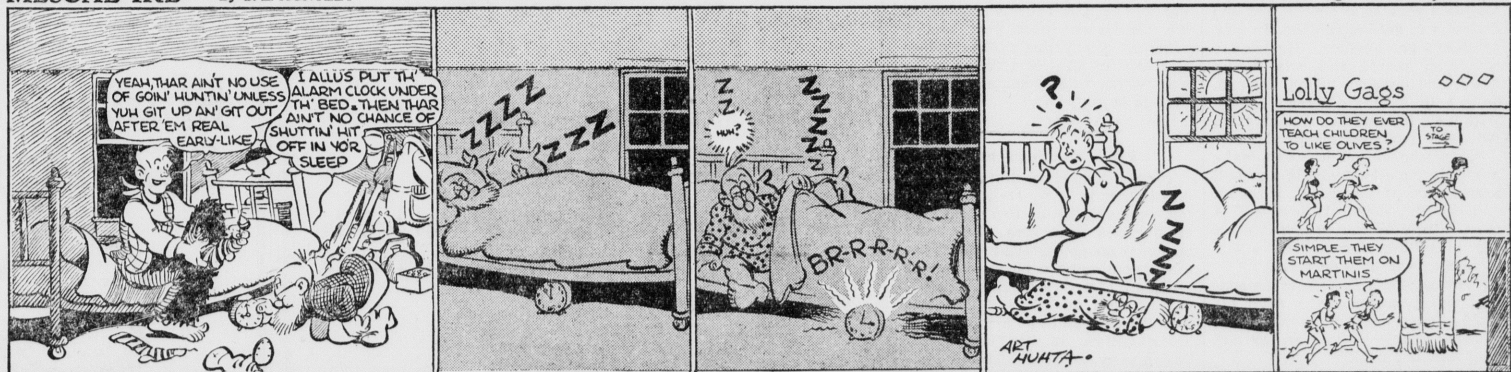
### LALA PALOOZA —He Ought to Stop When He Reaches the Ocean



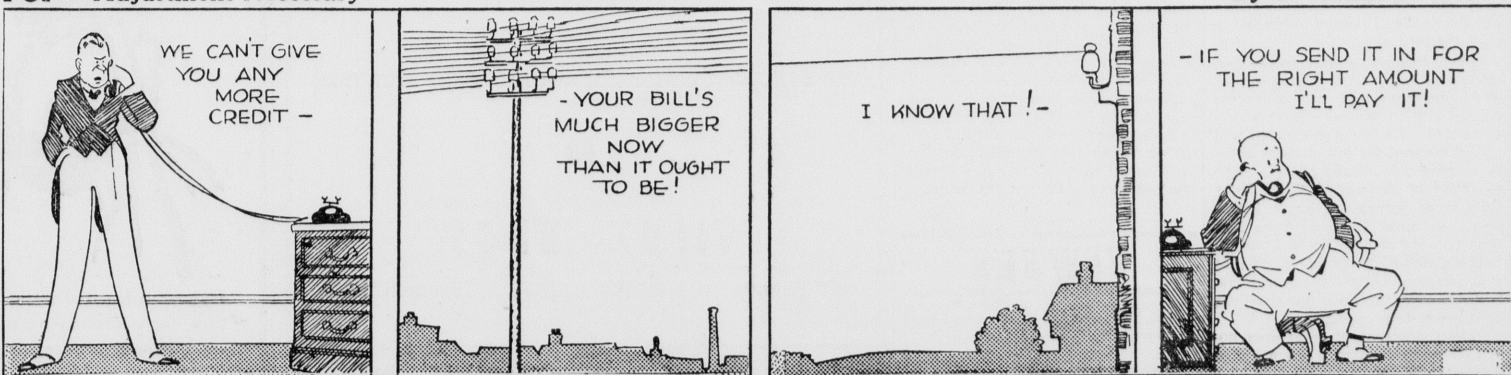
### S'MATTER POP—Someone Gettin' Cheated



### MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

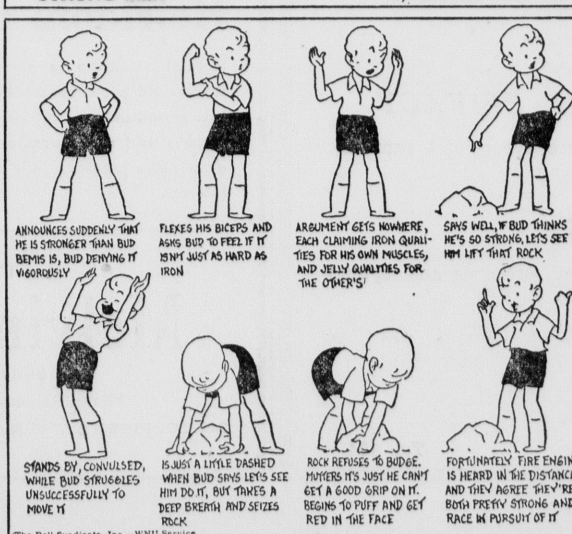


### POP—Adjustment Necessary



### STRONG MEN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



### KNEW BETTER

Pat, the Irishman, placed three dollars on the counter. "I want a license for my mother, miss," he said to the young attendant. She gave him a superior look. "You don't want a license for your mother," she replied. "That I do," said Pat, "she's bought a dog."

### Home Specimens

Mother—Jackie, dear, what did you do in school today? Little Jackie—We had nature study, mother. Each pupil had to bring specimens from home. Mother—And what did you bring, precious? Little Jackie—I brought a bedbug and a cockroach.

### Tooth Hurty

Chinaman (ringing up dentist)—What time you fixee teeth for me? Dentist—Two-thirty. Is that all right? Chinaman—Yes, tooth hurty, all right, but what time you fixee?

### Cheerful News



### The Rescue of an Old Wicker Chair

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THIS chair, now so smart in its sateen cover, button tufting and moss fringe trimming, barely escaped the trash burner. It had been such a comfortable chair that everyone hated to see it go. Sis said it was out-of-date and positively untidy. Someone suggested it might be covered. Mother said that wouldn't be a bad idea if it could be padded first! That gave Sis a brain wave. Why not tuft it? By pushing a long darning needle back and forth through



the cover, padding and openings in the wicker? She had been wanting a tufted chair, so work began at once.

The sagging arm rest, magazine holder and frayed-out wicker around the legs were removed. The chair was padded and covered, as shown, and a new seat cushion was added. The tufting was done by sewing through tightly with heavy carpet thread; adding a button on each side of the stitch.

NOTE: Detailed directions for changing an old iron bed into the latest style are given in Mrs. Spears' Book No. 3; also how to make "The Rug That Grew Up With the Family." Thirty other fascinating ideas for Homemakers. If you want to use this idea, better clip it out now for back numbers cannot be supplied. Don't delay in sending name and address with 10 cents coin for Book No. 3. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
Bedford Hills New York  
Enclose 10 cents for Book No. 3.  
Name .....  
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### FEEL GOOD

Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels

**Nature's Remedy** If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. Get a 25¢ box of NR from your drugist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get NR Tablets today. **NR TO-NIGHT**

### Again Wounded

When time has assuaged the wounds of the mind, he who unreasonably reminds us of them opens them afresh.—Ovid.

### THE AWFUL PRICE YOU PAY FOR BEING NERVOUS

Read These Important Facts!

Quivering nerves can make you old, haggard, cranky—can make your life a nightmare of jealousy, self pity and "the blues." Often such nervousness is due to female functional disorders. So take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help calm unstrung nerves and lessen functional "irregularities." For over 60 years relieving Pinkham's Compound has helped tens of thousands of grandmothers, mothers and daughters "in time of need." Try it!

### Condition as Character

He that has character need have no fear of his condition: Character will draw conditions after it.—Beecher.

### "Black Leaf 40" Kills Many Insects

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For Long Life Every man desires to live long, but no man desires to be old.—Swift.





CENTERVILLE STUDENTS  
PRESENT PROGRAM

The students of the Centerville grammar school presented the following program in the school assembly hall Tuesday afternoon.

"Down on the Farm", Orchestra

"Glow Worm", Bleking", Sen-  
ond and third grades, Rhythm  
Band.

"Ay Ay Ay" (Spanish song),  
Orchestra.

"Children of Spain", Operetta.  
Members of fifth and sixth  
grades: Harold Alameda, Alfred  
Gomes, Alwin Lewis, Norval Peix-  
otto, James Pickler, Alvin Soares,  
Arthur Thomas, Evelyn Costa,  
Bernice Gabriel, Eva Jason, Beth  
Kink, Annette Kirkish, Mihoko  
Shimizu, Ethel Wauhab.

"Forever March", Orchestra.  
"America", by assembly.

Those attending the program  
had an opportunity to inspect  
work of the students which was  
exhibited.

WARM SPRINGS PLAYERS  
TO SHOW AT CENTERVILLE

"Suwannee River," a four-act  
comedy which has been presented  
by the Warm Springs Community  
Players at Warm Springs, Berry-  
essa and Irvington, will be given  
at the Washington Union high  
school on Friday, May 10, for the  
benefit of the Centerville Lions  
club.

All friends of the Lions are  
asked to support this program  
which will be given under the  
direction of Berkeley Buckingham  
WPA recreational worker. Those  
in the cast are John Cattaneo,  
Rose Ramos, Bob Oaks, Bernadine  
Nunes, L. H. Maffey, Bert Dutra  
and Flossie Lawrence. The per-  
formance will start at 8:30 o'clock.

Griddle Cakes  
Win

By A. W. PEACH

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WNU Service.

BOB looked at her with troubled  
eyes. "Well, it's come, Ellen." He  
twirled a letter in his hand.  
She smiled at his gloomy face.  
"What has?"

He shook the letter. "Remember,  
I told you—when you marry me,  
you take Dad in the bargain; and  
believe me, he is a fearful old  
crab."

"Why, dear, what a way to talk  
of your father!" she said a bit  
shocked.

"But that's what he is! I love  
him in spite of it, but I hate to  
tangle you up with him. He wants  
me to bring you out to the house,  
probably to decide whether you will  
make a fit wife for me or not. It's  
none of his business, but it's very  
much his way. Now, will you go?"

"Why, of course, I'll go," she said  
laughing.

Ellen in the days following before  
their departure had her moments of  
serious doubt and worry. Suppose  
Bob's father should take a dislike  
to her? The real reason for Bob's  
worry was his fear that the father  
he really loved would not care for  
the girl he loved.

"Well, there's nothing to do but  
go and be myself," Ellen advised  
herself.

It was a pleasant trip to the old  
village where Mr. Oaks had made  
his home, and Ellen, in spite of a  
bit of fear that broke through her  
happiness, enjoyed the journey.

When, hours later and a little  
weary, she came to the house set  
back far from the village street,  
it did look a bit dark and forbidding.

"Joyous place, isn't it? While  
mother was alive she made him  
have it painted, but now—nothing  
doing!" Bob said.

When they reached the door, it  
opened, and Ellen caught her  
breath, for the gray-headed man  
who appeared in it was bigger than  
Bob, and she had often felt that Bob  
was big enough.

"Well, here you are! Come in!"  
Mr. Oaks said shortly in a heavy  
voice.

Bob introduced her, and she  
looked far up into cold, command-  
ing eyes in which there was no  
light of cordiality. Ellen shivered  
inside.

Then a quaint, kindly old lady  
advanced, and Ellen met "Ma" Bur-  
ton as Bob called her.

Then began a series of discoveries  
for Ellen. The house was in fear-  
ful shape—dusty in every corner;  
and the supper that night was ill-  
prepared.

"Well, can you stand it?" Bob  
asked her later, when he had lured  
her out into the quiet village for a  
stroll.

"I am not afraid of your father,  
but what a looking house!"

He chuckled. "Right, but 'Ma'  
is easy-going. It didn't look that  
way when mother was alive. He's  
growing old, you know, and—well,  
maybe something went out of him  
when mother died."

"Mrs. Burton told me while we  
were gossiping that one of her sis-  
ters was very ill. Can't you arrange  
it so she can get away and give me  
a chance at that house?"

He drew a long breath, his quick  
mind sensing her plan. "She'll go  
if I have to abduct her!"

How Bob worked it Ellen did not  
know, but the next day, not without

some misgivings, she took charge.  
Bob enticed his father away to visit  
some distant property belonging to  
him, and Ellen "pitched in."

It was dusk before Bob and his  
father returned, but by that time  
she had the principal rooms in  
shape and supper prepared—with a  
bountiful supply of griddle-cakes  
which "Ma" had said Mr. Oaks  
loved but which she did not have the  
knack of making to suit him.

She heard them in the living room,  
then some one went into the library,  
then into the den on what was, she  
imagined, a tour of inspection.

"Pooh! Why he so nervous?" she  
warned herself. "If it doesn't seem  
like home to him, it does to me;  
and the old house needed it."

When she called them to supper,  
Mr. Oaks entered first, his strong  
old face showing no emotion and  
Bob, behind her, looked anxious  
though he winked at her.

When the griddle-cakes appeared,  
Mr. Oaks eyed them sourly as if  
with memories of griddle-cakes of  
the past. He tried one doubtfully,  
then another, and the scowl went—  
as did the cakes.

The climax came so quickly it  
took Ellen's breath. Mr. Oaks lifted  
his gray head, and he was smil-  
ing. "Now, you young fellow, let's  
talk things over. When are you  
going to be married?"

## Where Quicksilver Comes From

Quicksilver, or mercury, occurs in  
nature in a free state, both in lodes  
and placer deposits, but only in  
very small quantities. Commercial  
mercury is obtained chiefly from cin-  
nabar ore, the sulphide of quick-  
silver, from which the pure mercury  
is extracted by subjecting it to high  
temperature, and then condensing  
the vapor. The largest and richest  
deposit of mercury ore is at Alma-  
den in central Spain. It has been  
worked since the time of the Ro-  
mans.

## Convictions

By STANLEY CORDELL

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WNU Service.

THIS is one of the many stories  
told me by Warden Lucius Day-  
ton of the Hawkins state prison.

"Folks really haven't much idea  
about the duties of a warden," he  
said, smiling, "or the extent of their  
responsibility. Being in charge of a  
prison isn't like it used to be. A  
warden has to be something of a  
psychologist, has to know and under-  
stand human nature."

"Oh, we've had our share of diffi-  
cult situations and difficult charac-  
ters. I recall particularly the case  
of Rus Julian."

"He was only a young fellow when  
he came here to begin a seven to  
ten stretch. Young and full of bit-  
tleness and resentment. He'd lost  
his job a year or so before, and had  
difficulty in getting another. In fact,  
he didn't get another. He tried a  
couple of places and was turned  
down, and gave up trying. Instead,  
he got in with the wrong crowd.  
Within six months Rus was arrested  
twice for participating in riots."

"In prison or out it didn't make  
any difference to Rus. He was still  
pretty sore at the world, arrogant  
and contemptuous. In less than a  
week's time he had won himself a  
day in solitary for starting a dis-  
turbance over in B section."

"Two weeks later he saw the soli-  
tary cell a second time. After his  
third offense I sent for him, having  
in mind to talk to the boy, try and  
help him if I could."

"I learned a few new things about  
human nature as a result of that  
talk with Rus. Not that what I said  
or the way I acted helped or  
changed him any."

"I sent him away after awhile and  
everyone thought my talking to him  
had helped matters a lot. Six months  
passed and we had no more trouble  
from Rus. I was congratulated and  
complimented for my obvious abil-  
ity to reason with and show a man  
the folly of his ways. But I knew  
they were wrong. I knew I had  
made no more impression on Rus  
than nothing at all. He had merely  
become smart. He had realized that  
a prison is no place for a man to as-  
sert himself, because his keepers  
hold the trump cards."

"My suspicions of what was go-  
ing on were verified when a guard  
came to me on the morning of May  
1 and said he'd heard rumors of a  
break over in section B. No one  
had any idea who was behind the  
movement—not a soul suspected  
Rus. He had turned out to be quite  
a model prisoner."

"I took the usual precautions and  
did the only thing that a warden  
could do under such circumstances:  
resigned myself to watchful wait-  
ing."

"A certain atmosphere of tense-  
ness and expectancy existed at the  
prison. The guards were nervous  
and jittery."

"I had not put my suspicions of  
Rus into words, hoping that some-  
one might volunteer a hazard that  
he was behind the rumors and there-  
by confirming my own ideas. But  
no one did and this caused me to  
hesitate. Fortunately I didn't hesi-  
tate quite long enough. Two days  
before the planned break—I later  
learned it had been scheduled for  
the twenty-ninth—I called Rus into  
my office and had another talk with  
him. The results were the same,  
but it was because of my own re-

action that I decided to take the  
chance. When the interview was  
over I stood up and said: 'Rus, your  
mother is ill. She's asked that you  
be allowed to visit her, and I've  
granted her request.'

"Rus' jaw fell open and he stared.  
"You mean I can go down and see—  
ma—myself?"

"Yes. Of course, I'll expect you  
to report here. I'm putting you on  
your honor to do so."

"Perhaps you can guess how it all  
turned out. Rus went home to see  
his mother, with whom I had pre-  
viously talked, securing her promise  
to co-operate, and three days later  
he was back. The point is here:  
I wasn't altogether right. Rus was  
due back the next day. He stayed  
away two days longer than I had  
told him he could. I had sense  
enough not to get alarmed, to spread  
the news of his escape. And in-  
stead of punishing him when he  
came back, I made him a trusty."

"No, there was no break or at-  
tempted break. Rus had been at  
the bottom of it all. Two years later  
he was pardoned, and his mother,  
with my help, had a job waiting for  
him when he got out."

"You see, the thing I had learned  
from Rus was this: He had had con-  
victions, convictions to which he ad-  
hered even though it meant three  
times in solitary. I had had convic-  
tions, too—I was convinced that Rus  
was the type who, if placed on his  
honor, would not break a trust. But  
my convictions were not as strong  
as his—I lacked the courage to  
abide by them until, almost before  
it was too late, I took a chance that  
day and sent him home to his moth-  
er. Thank heaven he taught me the  
lesson that when you believe strong-  
ly enough that you are right it's  
best to adhere to that belief."

## Turkish Slave Ruled

## As Queen Over Egypt

In all of Egypt no woman was so  
beautiful as Shagru-Durr. Although  
she was but a Turkish slave girl,  
the mighty Sultan Salih fell in love  
at his first glimpse of her and made  
her his favorite wife. The sultan  
died, and his son, too, so the slave  
girl became the queen of Egypt and  
ruled in a lavish fashion.

Like every faithful Moslem, the  
queen desired to go to Mecca to pu-  
rify herself and to win peace of soul,  
writes Walter Monfried in the Mil-  
waukee Journal. One who has made  
that journey is called "hadij" and  
for the rest of his or her life is ven-  
erated by all of the faith.

She traveled from Cairo to Mecca  
in a gorgeous litter borne by cam-  
els. With her went a resplendent  
procession. The trip was long and  
difficult, but the queen won that  
full consolation which her faith af-  
forded.

In the years that followed, the  
beautiful Shagru could not go to  
Mecca again, but she paid her trib-  
ute to Islam by sending handsome  
litters filled with royal gifts. After  
she died her pious survivors kept up  
the custom and each year sent a  
company of pilgrims with presents.  
The load of gifts was called mah-  
mal, which means something that  
carries or supports.

## First American Flag

The tradition of the first American  
flag is that in May, 1777, Washing-  
ton, accompanied by two of his offi-  
cers, called upon Mrs. Ross, who  
operated an upholstering establish-  
ment, continuing a business left at  
the death of her husband, to make a  
flag of their design, and that this  
was the first American flag of the  
official pattern, adopted June 14, 1777.  
The matter is in dispute through  
claims that a flag of the same, or  
nearly the same, design had been  
used before. There is some rivalry  
for the honor associated with the  
origin of the flag; and confusion  
brought by painters and colonial  
tory writers, who drew upon their  
imagination to add interest to the  
legend, has invited the pressing of  
some rather nebulous claims. There  
is no historical account meeting  
with such approval as to warrant  
the assertion that it is the truth.

## NEWARK

The Washington Township Court  
of Honor for Boy Scouts was held  
at the Newark Grammar school

this week on Thursday evening,  
as a part of the Public Schools  
Week program, according to Jack  
MacGregor, principal. The New-  
ark school has been observing  
open house this week and exhibit  
of student's work was shown be-  
tween 7 and 8 o'clock on Thurs-  
day evening, preceding the court  
of honor.

The Newark Fire Department  
installed a 30-foot flag pole at  
the Newark Fire House last week.  
It was a year, April 16th that  
the Newark Fire House was dedi-  
cated by the Washington Town-  
ship Native Sons with Judge Nor-  
ris officiating at that time.

Albert Pashote is up and around  
again after being confined to his  
home during the past week with  
the flu.

Edward Kettman sr., is reported  
to be improving slowly at the  
Providence hospital after a recent  
operation.

Dr. Bud Ruschin and Mrs.  
Ruschin, Postmaster Julia Ruschin  
and Mr. and Mrs. James Collins,  
Newell Rocha, and the class of  
1940 of Newark represented New-  
ark at the Alumni Dinner given  
at the Washington Union high  
school cafeteria on Thursday eve-  
ning. Dr. Bud Ruschin of New-  
ark was the speaker for the eve-  
ning.

A rally of the Christian En-  
deavors of Southern Alameda  
County will be held at the Pleas-  
anton Presbyterian church on Fri-  
day, Christian Endeavors, and the  
high school Christian Endeavors  
are expected to attend.

Word was received at Newark  
of the birth of a baby boy born to  
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Brown of  
Centerville last week.

Barbara Laudenslager and Jean-  
ette Silva of Newark spent Satur-  
day in San Francisco on business.  
Mr. and Mrs. Mike Hoffman and  
Mr. and Mrs. George Bernard  
spent the week end at Monterey  
on a fishing trip.

Many Newark people attended  
the Centerville Lions Club Char-  
ity dance at Swiss park on Saturday  
evening.

A number of the Newark Sports  
men club members and guests at-  
tended the Sportsmen show with

Bob Hope as the main attraction  
over the week end in Oakland.

The Newark S. E. S. lodge were  
represented in the parade Sunday  
in Alvarado at the Holy Ghost  
celebration. A number of Newark  
people were also present on Sat-  
urday evening to witness the fire-  
works and attend the dance and  
on Sunday to witness the parade.

A surprise house warming was  
given to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hardy  
by a group of friends on last Wed-  
nesday evening. A good time was  
had by all. A number of friends  
and relatives were present.

Mary Duarte and Postmaster Julia  
Ruschin attended a postmasters  
dinner in Livermore on Wednes-  
day evening.

The children of 1940 will re-  
ceive their first holy communion  
Sunday at the Saint Edwards  
Catholic church in Newark ac-  
cording to Father Flately, pastor  
of the Holy Family have been pre-  
paring the children. The classes  
in religion for the high school  
students will be resumed Monday  
afternoon at Alvarado and Monday  
evening at Newark.

Miss Cleo Cooper was a dinner  
guest with friends at San Jose on  
Sunday.

Miss Francis Giorgone of San  
Francisco spent the week end with  
Miss Bernice Weber in Newark.

The evening bridge club met  
at the home of Mrs. Ray Trescott  
on Friday evening. Refreshments  
were served.

The Women's Improvement club  
met at the home of Mrs. Sam  
Scott on Tuesday evening. Re-  
freshments were served.

Edward Martin and Fred Noia of  
Newark spent the week end visit-  
ing friends in San Francisco.

Miss Cleo Cooper spoke at the  
Eden-Washington Farm Center on  
Tuesday on 4-H club work.

Mrs. Daisy Cooper and daughter  
Cleo spent Friday in Oakland on  
business.

The Newark Farm Home De-  
partment held their regular meet-  
ing on Friday April 26 at the home  
of Mrs. W. T. Lowe. Project of  
the day was clothing construction  
and nomination and election of  
officers for the coming year.

The Stitch-em-up club met at  
the home of Mrs. Sam Scott on  
Friday afternoon. Refreshments  
were served, and the birthday of  
Mrs. W. Q. Wright was honored.

Edward Kettman, teacher of  
piano, who recently announced  
his engagement to Miss Katherine  
Lewis of Centerville is having a  
new home built on Arden street  
by contractor, Frank Ferreira.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ferreira are  
expecting to occupy their new  
home on Thornton avenue by the  
end of the month of April.

Mrs. A. S. Caldeira is spending  
several days with Mr. and Mrs.  
M. Smith in Centerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank George of  
Centerville, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe  
Machado of Newark attended the  
Sportsmen show at Oakland Sat-  
urday evening.

Mrs. F. A. Muller was a business  
visitor in Oakland Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gould and  
son William spent Sunday in Stock-  
ton at the bedside of J. H. Gould,  
who is seriously ill and not expect-  
ed to recover.

Mrs. Katherine Anderson spent  
last week at the home of her son  
and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs.

Clarence Anderson of Hayward  
where she is recuperating from her  
recent illness.

The Newark newly-organized  
Rod and Gun club will hold their  
first annual cowboy dance at the  
Swiss park June 1st with music  
by the Oklahoma Ramblers from  
Oakland. George Oliveria is chair-  
man of the committee for the  
dance. Andrew G. Stetz spent Fri-  
day in Modesto visiting friends.

Mrs. M. Fyffe and daughter  
Anna spent the week end with  
her son and daughter in law, Mr.  
and Mrs. William Fyffe in Berke-  
ley. Sunday they attended a din-  
ner in honor of the birthdays of  
Mrs. William Fyffe and Mrs. Sadie  
Smyrl of Newark at the home of  
their mother, Mrs. M. Belford, also  
of Berkeley.

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